

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

10 CENTS A COPY  
ONE YEAR \$2.50

*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine  
For All The Family*

JANUARY 8, 1925  
VOLUME 99, NO. 2

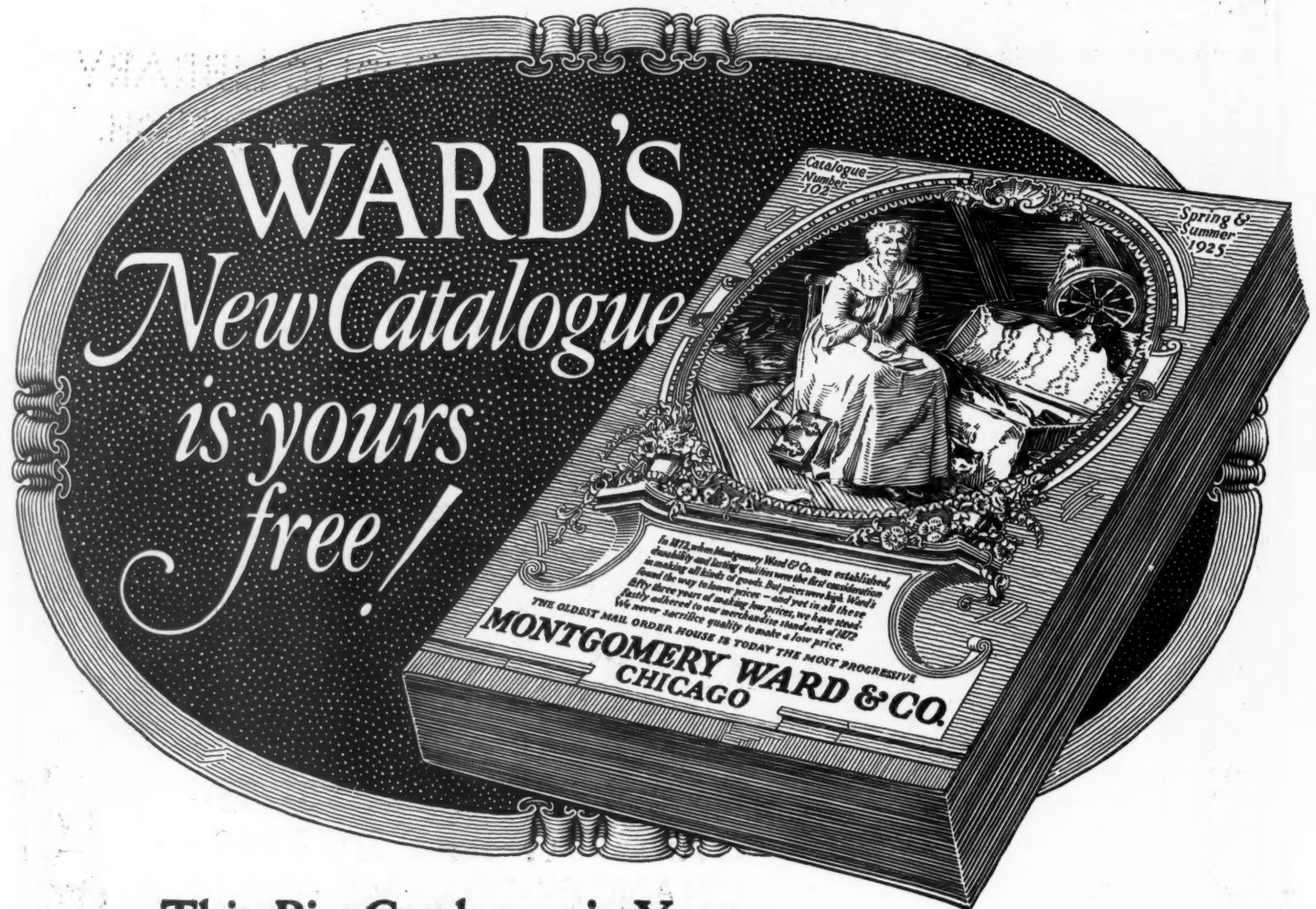


THE NEW YEAR IS A TRUST-  
FUL CHAP • HE COMES  
A-KNOCKING AT MY DOOR-  
AND DUMPS HIS LUGGAGE  
IN MY LAP AND SITS HIM  
DOWN SERENE AND SURE..  
HIS GIFTS ARE DUTIES •  
CHANCES • DREAMS • THEIR

NATURE ONLY TIME CAN TELL • BUT NEW  
YEAR MAKES A BOW AND BEAMS • MOST  
CONFIDENT I'LL USE THEM WELL • IT SORT  
OF ARMS ME FOR THE STRIFE AND PUTS  
NEW BRAWN AND BREATH IN ME TO WEL-  
COME TO MY HOUSE OF LIFE A FELLOW  
WITH SUCH FAITH IN ME!

## HUNT

is the young student at Bittersweet College whose ingenious but ill-judged at-  
tempts to get pocket money so greatly amused Companion readers last year.  
**Mr. Russell Gordon Carter**, the author of the tales, has sent us four new  
stories of Hunt and his friends Clam, Finny, Pinky and Squash, which will  
appear in early numbers. Anyone who wants to laugh should look out for  
**HUNT THE POET, HUNT THE FISHERMAN, HUNT THE BARBER and HUNT THE HOST.**



## This Big Catalogue is Your Opportunity For Saving

**YOU** should have this book in your home. You should know the right price to pay.

You, too, can save money on everything you buy.

And what an opportunity for saving this book brings to you! In appearance it is a book. Actually, it is one of the largest general stores in the world brought right to your door. Thus you have before you the most complete assortment of goods and can select exactly what you want.

### How the Lowest Prices are Made for You

Our goods are bought for spot cash. Cash always buys cheapest. They are bought in the largest quantities—taking even the whole output of a factory. Our buyers search the markets of the world for you. East, West, South, they go—to Europe, wherever there is a possibility of buying

standard reliable merchandise, at lower than market prices.

Sixty million dollars' worth of merchandise has been bought for this book. Bought in quantities that compel low prices. Bought so that whatever you need, the merchandise is ready for immediate shipment to you.

### "Ward Quality" Means Reliable Goods Only

But in our world wide search for bargains, we never lose sight of Quality. We do not believe you want "cheap" goods. We do believe you want good goods, sold cheaply.

At Ward's we never sacrifice quality to make a low price. We will not deal in "cheap" goods that are not worth the price you pay. We will not cut serviceability to make a lower price. Your satisfaction with everything you buy, we place first.

### Everything for the Home, the Family and the Farm

**The Woman's needs** are nearly all supplied in this Catalogue. The most beautiful fashions for Spring and Summer, dresses, hats, coats, everything in wearing apparel in the best style for the school or college girl, the young woman or the matron, has been selected in New York by our fashion experts.

**Every Man's wants** are supplied. Almost everything a man or boy wears or uses around the home or farm, at prices that mean a big saving.

**For the Home**, there is every new thing, from household inventions to the newest patterns in rugs and curtains, the best designs in furniture. Everything that goes to make a home more delightful and more convenient is offered at a saving.

### Your Orders are Shipped Within 24 Hours

When your order comes to Ward's it is appreciated. It is given careful attention immediately. Most of the orders are actually shipped within 24 hours.

### Filling in this Coupon Brings the Catalogue Free

We want you to become acquainted with Ward's. We offer you this catalogue to get acquainted with you. Write for your copy. It costs you nothing to find out for yourself the saving, the satisfaction Montgomery Ward & Co. offers you.

To MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. Dept. 72-H

Chicago Kansas City St. Paul  
Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth

(Mail this coupon to our house nearest you.)

Please mail my free copy of Montgomery Ward's complete Spring and Summer Catalogue.

Name .....

Street or R. F. D. ....

P. O. ....

State .....

# Montgomery Ward & Co.

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Ft. Worth



# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

Copyright, 1925, by Perry Mason Company, Boston, Mass.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$2.50 TEN CENTS A COPY



UNCLE NED was entertaining Sally at luncheon. Sally loved going to luncheon with Uncle Ned, particularly at the Charlton, where the music was so good, the food so delectable and the other people were so pleasant to look at. Everything about the Charlton indeed, especially with well-groomed, handsome Uncle Ned sitting opposite her, combined to make Sally feel very sophisticated and grown-up and good-looking herself.

Over the salad Uncle Ned made his request. "Sally," he said, "I'm in a peck of trouble. Will you help me out?"

"Why, surely," said Sally. "I'd love to. What can I do?"

Uncle Ned fiddled with his silver. Then he looked straight at his niece and smiled wryly. "The truth is I've just come into an orphan."

Sally stared. "What do you mean?"

"Her father," said Uncle Ned, "was one of my closest friends; her mother I knew also. Jim Bates and I were old college pals, thick as thieves till he chose to follow his science bug to the other end of the earth. This youngster was born in Java. The family strayed round a good deal in the South Seas. Three years ago when I was in that part of the world I hunted Jim up. Spent a week with him on an island with an unpronounceable name. His wife had died; his daughter kept house for him—looked out for him too from A to Z. Jim always was an absent-minded coddler. Bug hunting hadn't changed him any. Queer isolated lonesome sort of life for a girl. Well,"—Uncle Ned drew a deep breath,—*"the long and short of the matter is last month while I was in the West a cable came saying Jim was dead and reminding me I had agreed to be guardian of this girl of his. She is on her way now to America, traveling with some Americans who chanced to be wherever it was the thing happened. As I figure out their itinerary, she will reach here next month."*

"That's exciting! How old is she?"

"Your age—round about."

"I can't think of anything nicer to happen to a girl than to have you for a guardian."

"Thank you, Sally."

"But of course it's dreadful about her father."

"You've said it."

"What are you going to do with her?"

"That's part of what's bothering me. A bachelor suite can't accommodate many orphans. I suppose I might take a house. What would you suggest, Sally?"

"I shouldn't take a house yet," said the girl. She frowned thoughtfully. "I'd wait and see—oh, lots of things. We might put her up. There's plenty of room in our house. Have you said anything to mother?"



## The MOUSE

By Beth B. Gilchrist

"No. I'll tell you frankly I had thought of that, Sally, but I wanted to see first how you felt about it."

"Oh, I'd love it! A girl who was born abroad and has traveled such a lot and seen and done so much that we here in New England haven't must be tremendously interesting. Why, I think having her will be terribly exciting."

Uncle Ned hesitated. "I shouldn't bank too much on the excitement if I were you."

But Sally raced on: "She can have the bedroom next mine, and we will both use my den, and I'll give a party for her—oh, I can't, can I, not right off, when her father's only just died? But I'll have the girls in quietly to meet her. Think how thrilling it will be to say, 'I'd like you to meet a girl from Borneo!'" Sally laughed. "Maybe they'll think I mean a native."

"Look here, Sally," said Uncle Ned, "don't make any mistake about this. Just because she hails from the other side of the planet doesn't necessarily make her exactly the kind of cosmopolitan you seem to have in mind."

"Oh," laughed Sally, "in those South Seas they always get their clothes from Europe—Paris, you know."

"Bug hunters' daughters don't. Wake up. Naturalists aren't plutocrats."

Sally turned sparkling eyes on her uncle. "You did see her three years ago, you said. Didn't you think that she was nice?"

"Nice as could be and as quiet as a little mouse. Not a bit dressy."

"Three years ago she was a child," said Sally. "Why, Uncle Ned, think of me three years ago! I didn't know what I had on or care either. By the way, what's her name?"

"Elison," said Uncle Ned.

"How funny! Like a boy's. Elsie for short? Not much pep to that. What was the good turn you wanted of me?"

"Just what you've taken on so gayly—to help make her feel at home."

"I can do that all right, especially if she stays with us. You're going to speak to mother?"

"I am. You're a jewel, Sally."

Sally sparkled at him. "As though I wasn't going to have the time of my life!" she said.

Eager and excited, Sally walked home. On the way she fell in with Edna Howe.

"Such an exciting thing has happened, Edna! Uncle Ned's just told me he has a ward in Java or one of those places, and her father's died, and I expect she's coming to live with us."

"Mercy," said Edna, "what is she, a Malay?"

Sally laughed. "I knew that somebody would think that. No, she's an American, but she's lived over there all her life. Won't it be perfectly thrilling?"

By night all the

girls in Eastfield knew that the other hemisphere was to invade New England.

"Think of having a girl like that in the house with you!" said Clare Finch.

"Are you sure you'll like her?" asked Jessie Gray.

"Her father was Uncle Ned's best friend," said Sally.

Of course that settled it. All Sally's friends liked tall, good-looking, amusing Uncle Ned. They looked on Sally with eyes of envious admiration. Wasn't she about to hobnob with a globe-trotter? Some girls have all the luck!

Sally knew how they felt. She was used to it. She liked to be admired; she liked to have people think how lucky she was. Well, she was, wasn't she? Always had been, always expected to be.

And then Elison came.

Hurrying home from school the day after Uncle Ned went to Albany to meet the traveler, Sally heard her uncle's voice the minute she opened the front door. Her heart leaped; the great moment had arrived. She dropped her books on the table and advanced smiling and eager to the door of the library.

Sally's mother was sitting by the tea table. A smell of cinnamon toast was in the

air. Uncle Ned stood by the mantle, tea cup in hand. In a low chair by the fire, facing the door, sat a girl—and what a girl! A still, pale, quiet little creature in a black hat and a black dress—black everything! Sally almost stopped short in the doorway. It wasn't altogether the girl's pallor or her dark clothes or her faint little voice or her smallness and stillness and seeming timidity; it was—it was everything! Most of all it was the look on her face. Mouse! Why, she was a whole nest of mice!

"Greetings, Sally," said Uncle Ned. "Elison knows the worst of you; all the way from Albany I've been preparing her mind. Here she is, Elison."

Sally crossed the room to the girl who had risen shyly to greet her, took both the mouse's hands in hers and, bending, kissed the pale little face. "Don't mind uncle," she said. "He's really quite all right when you know him. Did—did you have a tiresome journey?"

Those were the words Sally spoke, but she couldn't have told you afterwards what she had said. All her energies were bent on covering up the shock she had met.

Then the guest sat down, and Sally pressed cinnamon toast on her and sat down herself and nibbled untasting and chattered with

"Don't mind uncle," she said. "He's really quite all right when you know him"



DRAWINGS BY  
DUDLEY  
GLOVNE  
SUMMERS

Uncle Ned—chattered, chattered, chattered. There was a lump in her throat for Elison's lonesomeness. There was a queer "gone" feeling in her chest for her own discomfiture. This was the exotic, gay-plumaged bird from the South Seas, this—this mouse! No other word fitted. How the girls would laugh at her, Sally Hildredth!

"Perhaps you will take Elison to her room now, Sally," her mother suggested. "There is time for a little sleep if you like, my dear, before dinner."

"Bravo, Sally," murmured Uncle Ned as the girl passed him.

When Sally came down he was waiting at the foot of the stairs. "I'm sorry, Sally."

"You warned me," said the girl. "It was my own fault that I expected anything different. What makes me feel worst," she added and gave her uncle a straight, honest look, "is that I'm such a pig as to care how I feel when she—looks like that."

"You dear!" said Uncle Ned. "Remember everything's strange to her. Some of that look may wear off as she gets used to us."

"At least," said mother, coming up, "we can put color into the child's cheeks."

The next days were not easy for Sally Hildredth. It is one thing to introduce a guest who will be at once admired by all; it is quite another to introduce a mouse. But Elison must meet the girls. That day could not be put off. Sally was not Sally for nothing. The house always swarmed with young people. If you wanted to, you couldn't hide the mouse. And you didn't want to. But it was hard to see the galvanic starts of astonishment, to watch expressions stiffen, to see anticipation changed to bewilderment. They were too polite to laugh in Sally's face, but they were sorry for her. Sorry!

She could almost hear their comments: "I say, girls, is that the rare bird?" "Poor Sally! Think of having that around all the time!" "You could have knocked me over with a feather when I saw her."

"What does Sally say?" was one remark.

"Nothing that I've heard."

"How about it, Gay? Hasn't she spilled over to you?"

"Not a word," said Sally's best friend.

"Sally's proud," volunteered Edna Howe.

They let it go at that.

But more than pride kept Sally's mouth shut. There was loyalty to Uncle Ned; there was pity for the mouse herself; and then the mouse had her moments of being human.

"I've read books about houses like yours," she said one day, "but I never lived in one. I can't quite get used to—to you all being so kind to me."

"Oh, you will," said Sally. "We're just ordinary."

"No," breathed the soft little voice, "you can't make me believe that."

A nice little thing—grateful. But Sally didn't care particularly to have people grateful. What she liked was to have them gay, smiling and debonair, blithe and light-hearted and jolly, and game for a good time always. If Elison knew how to do anything in particular, she seemed to be too shy to do it. She was just quiet and colorless. Her silent observing little presence was forever close by.

Sally, who was herself blithe and outspoken and voluble, hardly knew what to make of the solemn little guest. "I could stand it better, mother," she burst out one day, "if she were cross or horrid or disagreeable or actually ugly. She's not bad looking, now she's got a little color and isn't so thin, but, O dear! She just isn't anything but a shadow!"

"I don't think that's true, dear. Give her time. It's a big adjustment for any girl who has lived Elison's life. We haven't found the key to her yet, that's all." Mother kissed Sally. "You've been a dear. I've admired you."

"Me?"

"You."

Things like that helped. They made Sally feel warm inside and happy. They helped her to keep on patiently—and patience, as you may have guessed, wasn't Sally's strong point.

Uncle Ned found ways of letting Sally know that he appreciated her efforts. For they were efforts. Elison wasn't a bit the sort of girl Sally would have picked out for a friend. It took a deal of remembering how forlorn the girl was and thinking about Uncle Ned and many a warm little encouragement from mother to keep Sally at it. But she stuck.

Then one day when Elison had been living at Sally's for three months Edna Howe's mother began to plan a party. Edna and Sally and some of the other girls were to

help in the dining room, and they felt very grand about it, for Mrs. Howe always gave wonderful parties; there were none quite like them in Eastfield. This party was no exception; there was to be Javanese music.

"Two people who have made a study of Eastern music are to give this programme," Sally reported confidentially. "The lady is a friend of Mrs. Howe's. That's the way she gets them. They're really very extraordinary. Edna says. She wants you to be sure to come, Elison, even if you think you can't help serve. Edna's mother is terribly particular about this party, because she's invited Mrs. Senator Sharpe from Bayville and her sister, and they're used to everything. I expect you will recognize the music, Elison."

"Perhaps so."

"And she wants us girls who serve to dress in Eastern costume—Chinese or Japanese or anything like that. She's got some costumes herself; the Howes went round the world, you know; Edna's is the darlinest Chinese red, perfectly gorgeous. She thought you might have something, Elison."

"There's a box of clothes among those Uncle Ned is storing for me," said Elison.

"And you've never opened it? My goodness!" cried Sally.

"I'm so sorry," apologized Elison. "I never thought you would care. You see, I am so used to them."

"But we're not. You funny girl! What else have you got put away?"

"We'll look together," said Elison.

The girls who were lucky enough to be asked to help Mrs. Howe called on Elison to advise them about their costumes. "You must tell us how to do our hair, Elison." "Elison, how does this thing go on? I can't make it out." It was astonishing, the amount of help to be had from her. You wouldn't have thought it of such a shy little thing.

And then with the day of the party came a terrible disappointment. Excited and dismayed, Sally burst into her house to report it. "Mrs. Howe's party's all going to smash, mother! Her people can't come—the musicians, I mean. She just got a wire. It's something they ate—ptomaine poisoning. 'Expect to be all right in time; so sorry," the wire said. Mrs. Howe's frantic. She's been telephoning right and left, just burning up money, and she can't get anybody that fits her scheme of things. She's a wreck."

Elison looked up from the book she was reading. "If she can't find anyone else," she said quietly, "perhaps I could help her."

It had exactly the effect as if a mouse had spoken. Sally wheeled abruptly. "What did you say?"

Elison repeated her simple statement.

"Oh, I don't think so," said Sally.

"Could you, dear?" mother said tranquilly. "That would be a great kindness."

"I know a good many Eastern songs," said Elison. "Javanese songs, songs the boatmen sing in Shanghai, street songs I picked up out of the air wherever we lived. Father liked to have me have what he called a line of my own."

"Then that's why you had all those queer musical instruments we saw the other day?" said Sally.

"Yes," replied Elison.

Sally looked at her mother.

"I think," said Mrs. Hildredth, "you girls had better go tell Mrs. Howe."

"Come," said Sally, but she looked at Elison as if she were beholding a miracle.

"Could you, my dear?" said Mrs. Howe when the two girls had proffered Elison's help. It seemed to the distraught hostess like grasping at a straw, but what else could she grasp at?

"You have all been so good to me here," said Elison, "I am only glad there is something I can do to help."

Sally couldn't make Elison out after that. She didn't seem in the least scared. Sally decided that perhaps it was because there was so much to be done. Elison's boxes had to be got at again, quaint instruments strung and tuned, more costumes brought forth, and all transported to Mrs. Howe's and to the room Elison was to use as a dressing room. Then Elison dug herself into a fat, black-covered notebook in which, as she told Sally, she had written down songs as she heard them. There she stayed buried till luncheon time.

But if Elison wasn't worried, everyone else in the secret was—Mrs. Howe, the success of whose important party hung on a quiet little girl whom no one had ever heard sing a note in public; Mrs. Howe's daughter, who was frankly skeptical; Mrs. Hildredth, who naturally felt somewhat responsible; and most of all Sally, who was convinced that the afternoon was going to be a terrible "fizzle." Sally wanted to act as dressing maid.

"Oh, no," said Elison, "I shan't need anybody. 'Only one real change—from the Javanese costume to the Chinese, that's all. And there is to be a ten-minutes' intermission there. I can do it."

There was nothing for Sally but to do up her own hair, don her exquisitely embroidered costume with shaking fingers—goodness, what was the matter with her? You'd think she was the one who was about to perform before an audience! Then she took her place with the other girls ready to show guests to seats in the long living room.

Beyond the living room, opening into it through a great arch, was an alcove room lifted two steps above the other. There Mrs. Howe had done wonderful things with quaint foreign screens, a print or two and a single blossoming branch in a jar.

The guests were seated, including Mrs. Senator Sharpe and her sister. The ushers slipped into seats by the doors. A little hush fell. The hostess said a few pleasant introductory words. Sally sat forward, gripping the edge of her chair with clammy fingers. Why, oh, why should she care so much?

A little figure moved quaintly, formally into sight in the alcove room—a little figure that looked as if it might have strayed out of one of the prints, so exotic, so oriental, so charming was it—bowed to the waiting group, sank to the floor and, plucking at the strings of a queer foreign instrument, began to sing.

Sally sat as if in a dream, listening. Sometimes the little figure spoke, explaining the songs before singing them. But always she acted with composure, unhurried, unfrightened, with an effect of sharing some delightful knowledge. Was this Elison, the mouse? Could it be?

"Oh, Elison!" Sally cried when at last

after long waiting the crowd round the little singer thinned enough to allow her a chance. "Oh, you wonder!"

"Did you like it?"

"Like it! I was so proud I didn't know what to do. And to think I'd been sitting on my chair in a cold sweat waiting for you to come on."

Elison's skin went a quick eager pink under the delicate paint of her face. Wonder dawned in her eyes. "Then you must have cared!"

"Cared? Of course I cared. I thought I'd die till you began."

"I did it for you," said Elison simply.

"You do so well all the things I don't know how to do. I—I wanted you to know there was one thing I could do too."

With her heart on her lips Sally leaned down and kissed Elison for the second time in her life, but, oh, so differently from the first time!

Sally told Uncle Ned all about it. "Mrs. Senator Sharpe called her an artist, Uncle Ned! I heard her talking to Mrs. Howe. And her sister was just as keen. They said Elison was rare. And I patronized her! I thought because she didn't do our kind of things she couldn't do anything. A mouse! You should have seen the mouse up on that platform! Why, Uncle Ned, she never turned a hair. She was just—" Sally paused searching for the word,—"just friendly with all that bunch as if they'd been you and me."

Uncle Ned nodded. "I wish I'd been there. Maybe she'll give me a concert some day just by my lone. 'Spose she will? I'll let you come too." He patted her hand. "There's one thing I've found out, Sally."

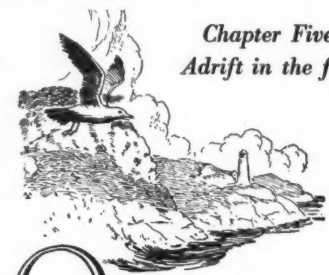
"What's that?"

"You can't tell by the looks of a mouse how far it can jump."

## COASTS OF PERIL

Chapter Five  
Adrift in the fog

By George Allan England



LD Arioch had not yet pulled the dory past Channel Head when Bob realized that the water was different from any that he had ever navigated in a rowboat. Like huge, moving hills of frothing menace the seas tumbled in and in, heaving the dory high, dropping it so low that the land-wash was hidden. Gray foam leaped up stark cliffs and swirled madly back. Bob sat in the stern sheets, trying not to feel scared and succeeding but indifferently. The old fisher paid no heed, but steadily pulled toward the open. Outside, things looked squally.

"Say," Bob asked, "isn't this rather—I mean don't you think it's too rough to go out fishing today?"

"Lor' love ye, no!" Arioch replied. "They ain't no lop on here to speak on. It may be a lot loppier outside. But 'tain't nothin' if pins an' paddles hold. An' us mebbe won't be out long. If us strikes a spurt of squid, four hours'll be enough—or five. Of course if it bes a pickin' squid, us'll be longer."

"What's a pickin' squid?" asked Bob anxiously, hoping that, whatever it might be, it wouldn't happen that day.

"Oh, that mean jest a few squid like. There was a little sign last evenin' on the joggin' ledge, mebbe forty or fifty a hand."

That left Bob rather in darkness. "What's the squid for? You eat 'em?" he asked.

"No. Them's bait. Capelin bes good, an' so's herdens [herring], an' some likes wrinkles [periwinkles], but gimme squid!"

Bob knew nothing of cod bait and so kept silent. With astonishing vigor old Arioch pulled against the seas that made the dory dance at a great rate. Channel Head now towered above them gigantically.

"If ye think it's a say [sea] the marnin'," remarked Arioch, "ye'd oughta see this here in a sou'east breeze."

"A breeze wouldn't kick up much sea, would it?" asked Bob.

"What us calls a breeze ye calls a gale. I means a proper blow, b'y. I've seed the waves make a clean breach of them light-house buildin's, an' that's more'n a hunnerd foot from the water."

Silence reigned again while Arioch rowed stoutly, making the oars bend at every stroke. Gradually Bob grew more assured. The dory, he saw, shipped comparatively little water, even though his oiksins were already dripping. Once in a while he baled with the scoop. For the first time he was observing the beautiful seaworthiness of a dory, the finest small boat in the world. He was filled with admiration.

"They're great boats, aren't they?" said he. "They ride like—like a duck," he added in the classic words of the London Bird.

"That bes what they do, b'y! Ye can't sink 'em, an' ye can't hardly tip 'em over. If ye do, they'll often tip themselves back agin, an' ye can climb in an' bale 'em wid y'r boot."

As Bob looked at the chill gray frothing seas the idea of being capsized didn't appeal to him. Imagine it in oilers! "You don't seem to mind being tipped over in the ocean very much," he said.

"Lor' love ye, no! Wish I'd a dollar fer every time I been!" And Arioch spat into the sea as if to show his sovereign contempt of it.

In little more than a quarter of an hour they had rounded Channel Head and had come into view of a far stretch of the south coast in the direction of Cape Ray. That perilous shore faded out of sight in the fog, which now was thinning so much that the horn on Channel Head had ceased its mournful wail. As the sun rose the fog began to shine like silver gossamer. Bob saw that the coast was even less inviting than it had appeared from the deck of the Kyle. The savage, spiteful teeth of granite were everywhere fringed and garlanded with slaving foam. Everlastingly the seas charged, leaped and then slid down sullenly for new attacks.

"I never thought I'd see anything like this," the boy reflected. "Wonder what my family would think if they knew!"

Then he began to speculate about the



man with the black beard and the robbery and when he should reach St. Pierre. But there was so much to see where he was that mere speculation couldn't hold his interest long. Through a cleft in the coastal precipices now appeared gray-green mountains far inland; the fog seemed to hover only over the sea.

"That is a hard-looking country, I must say!" Bob exclaimed.

"Fact, b'y," Arioch answered. "Them'll be the barrens yon. Nothin' lives there much but caribou. Ain't a snake, toad, frog ner firefly in this here island, b'y, ner a hedgehog; an' the birds, even the birds, has a hard time of it. They ain't no birds to speak of clear'n of gulls, carrion jays, marsh hens an' some ptarmigan up the toltz."

"Toltz? What are toltz?"

"Oh, them sharp, high hills. Nothin' grows up there. Us got a few valleys where there's potatoes but no corn. A few cows mebbe an' some wooded rudes. But ye'll hardly find birch ner maple. I don't pay no heed, though. The say's my livin'. I'm a sayfarin' man like me father afore me. He was a banker, an' so was I till I got so old I had to stick to the shore fishin'. It bes a man-size job to earn a livin' up here all rate. Seals an' birds—that bes all Newfunlan's rately meant fer—jest the seals an' birds. Though some bankers don't do too bad. Them was better days fer I, bankin'."

"Oh, you were a banker, were you?" asked the amateur fisherman eagerly. "So's my father. He runs the United Trust Company in Boston. Where was your bank?"

"What ye talkin' now, b'y?" said Arioch, laughing. "I don't mean a banker runnin' a money bank. I means a bank fisherman oot on the Grand Banks. That bes what us calls a banker up here in these parts."

"Oh," said Bob and relapsed to silence. Discreetly he began baling; there seemed less chance of his making himself foolish that way.

In silence too Arioch rowed on and on. After a while the old man turned, took his bearings again and shifted his course. "Rate in yon through Foamins' Tickle is where the joggin' ledge bes," he said, nodding at a small, barren island. "Tickle? There's a word ye won't be knowin' to. It's a bit of water between two islands or an island an' the main. An' pretty ticklish places them is too betimes!"

Arioch pulled the dory in through the tickle to water of surprising smoothness. Only a long roll heaved in there; no surf was breaking. A little sun peeped out, and Bob thought Newfoundland might not be so bad after all. The old fisherman after carefully scanning the landmarks suddenly hove the killock anchor.

"Ye don't see them in the States, I'll be bound," he remarked. "Them bes our homemade anchors—jest a long stone wid four pieces of wood holdin' it, all lashed round, an' two cross bars on the bottom."

With a great splash the killock sank. The dory rode at anchor, climbing the long swells and sliding easily down. Arioch opened a box and took out gear. Bob saw stout lines and four small red objects such as he had never yet beheld. The old man lifted one. "That bes a jigger, b'y," he explained, "an' I'll show ye how to use un rate soon. Then ye'll know somethin' they ain't many Yankee boys is knowin' to. Here, look un over an' see if she ain't purty."

Bob took one of the jiggers and curiously examined it. It was made of a spindle-shaped piece of lead weighing a few ounces and painted a violent red. One end was perforated, and through the hole a line was tied. The other bore two dozen wicked, unbarbed hooks, all turned sharply upward in a circle.

"Here bes two fer ye, b'y, on the two ends of one line," said Arioch. "An' here bes two fer I. Heave 'em over like me, but don't let go the line. Ye got to let 'em touch bottom an' then jig 'em up an' down. One up an' tother down seesaw. When ye feels a squid haul up cozy!"

Bob did so, imitating Arioch. Hardly had the jiggers struck bottom when he felt a tug. "I've got one!" he shouted.

"Well, un won't never do we no good down to the bottom," Arioch said with a twinkle in his blue eyes.

Remembering the rest of the programme,



"What—what's going to happen now?" stammered Bob

Bob began to haul in hand over hand as fast as he could. Suddenly the line came easier, and the squid emerged from the sea. Eagerly Bob leaned over the gunwale to drag it in. He staggered back with a cry of astonished anger, drenched and dripping, gasping and half blinded. The squid, released, sank again, and the line was saved only by Arioch's quick grab.

"Wha—what—what?" stammered Bob. His face was all ink.

"By Judas, I'm sorry I fergot to tell ye," said Arioch, though he didn't appear sorry in the least. "Ye mustn't never look over when ye're jiggin'. Them squid, that's how them defend theirselves, wid that ink stuff they squirts out their mouths. That's what us uses that acid fer, to keep that stuff from hurtin' our hands if it gits on. But wash un rate off, b'y, an' no harm's done." And he hauled in the line again, hoisted the squid over the gunwale and with a quick toss, not touching it with his hands, flung it into a bait box in the bottom of the dory. The jigger hooks easily tore through the soft, jelly-like body.

Still gasping, Bob leaned overside and soused himself with brine. Soon the dark liquid was all washed away. "Ginger!" he gulped. "I—I'll never do that again!"

"No, I don't think ye will, b'y," agreed Arioch. "I'm sorry I fergot!"

But in his eyes there was a gleam of amusement that left the boy doubtful. Later when he heard that it was a favorite Newfoundland trick to tell greenhorns to look over when jigging squid he rather doubted Arioch's expression of regret.

The old man was paying him no further attention now, for the squid were beginning to bite eagerly. This was evidently a "spurt," for almost as fast as the jiggers were let down they were bitten. Steadily Arioch hauled in, and Bob did the same. His arms soon grew tired, but he kept at work and soon learned the trick of jerking the squid into the bait box without touching them.

Gulls now began to appear; hitherto Bob had seen only a few scattered birds. The prospect of fish brought them from afar. They circled high, waiting for any chance bit.

"They'd oughta be more, though," observed Arioch. "Looks to me like we was goin' to have the wind to the south'ard an' more dirt [bad weather]. Them Mother Carey's chickens too,—them little, quick fellers,—them looks bad to I. Them'll be wonderful knowin', b'y. Well, no matter. Us won't make a long day of it."

How very long a day they were to make of it indeed he little guessed.

"Don't you think we've got enough now?" asked Bob when the box was half full.

He looked down at the squid. Ugly brutes they were, a foot to eighteen inches long with horny beaks, round staring eyes, long tentacles covered with sucker disks, taper-

ing bodies and a tail shaped like a heart cut from cardboard and set with the point backward. They were clammy and lifeless, and Bob thought that, with the possible exception of "daddy sculpins," they were by all odds the most disagreeable fish he had ever laid eyes on.

"Got enough?" repeated Arioch in answer to Bob's question. "Well, fer today's coddin' more'n enough. But I can use un tomorrow an' next day. Now us has struck a spurt us'd better fill the bait box."

They filled it in another hour. Old Arioch glanced at the sun, now unpleasantly clouded with ugly looking vapors through which a sun dog loomed. "That'll do now, b'y," said he. "An' it bes time us was on our way if us is to ketch the tide right on the coddin' ground."

He hauled up the killock, shipped the "paddles" again—they were long and clumsy, and the butts were well worn by hard use—and once more swung through the tickle toward the open sea.

After they were in rough water again Arioch said, "Mebbe ye'd pull a spell fer I? The rheumatiz have got into me arrums, jiggin'. I got the misery in 'em."

"I'll row, sure, if you think I can handle her," answered the boy.

"How old 'll ye be?"

"Sixteen."

"Well, I rowed cross-handed [that is, with both hands] in a dory when I was twelve. Try un, will ye?"

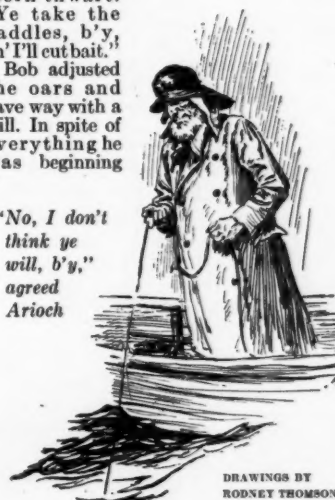
"Sure!" said Bob, who rather prided himself on his skill as an oarsman. "I'm used to boats. I—I row on my high school crew at home."

"Then ye'll have no grief wi' this at all." The old man smiled and crawled aft to the stern thwart.

"Ye take the paddles, b'y, an' I'll cut bait."

Bob adjusted the oars and gave way with a will. In spite of everything he was beginning

"No, I don't think ye will, b'y," agreed Arioch



DRAWINGS BY RODNEY THOMSON

to enjoy the adventure. True he had lost his money and his passport; true he was penniless and far from help and had thus far been baffled by the thief, but he had found a good friend in Arioch, and he was having rather an enjoyable time after all. Being a boy, he forgot the past for a while and put the future aside. He even dismissed from his mind his precarious chances of ever reaching St. Pierre in time to keep his promise. No matter what might happen, he was doing something that none of his friends had ever done—cod fishing in a dory off the Newfoundland coast. He was a bit proud of that and of the figure that he made in oilskins, like a mariner bold. He wished his family and friends could only see him.

All the time, however, he was becoming lame and sore; the oars were difficult to manage, and the thole pins bothered him. And in spite of the oilers he was wet, for spray kept constantly breaking over. The dory seemed logy too with its load of bait and a good deal of bilge water.

Still Bob disregarded all that as well as the blisters now forming on his palms and dug in with a will as he headed the dory south toward the open Atlantic.

"Ye ain't half bad, b'y," said Arioch, smiling. "I see ye must ha' run a boat afore. But don't shift so on the thot [thwart] an' don't pull too hard. Them pins ain't strong as what they once was, an' wid this

off-shore breeze an' this here fog rollin' round, us don't want to bust one."

"You could make another, couldn't you?"

"Yes. But whiles us might git swamped in the trough. Pull easy but stiddy, an' us'll make the coddin' ground in time all rate. But this bes a mortal hard way to fish. Them as ain't got a motor dory these days, ain't in luck. But gas is wonderful dear!"

"How long'll it take now to get there?" asked Bob, thinking of his sore palms.

"Half an hour more mebbe. If the fog thickens, 'twon't be none too easy to find. I can take soundin's, though."

And the old man went on cutting bait.

Before another fifteen minutes had passed Bob realized that some of his blisters were growing painful. Moreover, the ache in his muscles wasn't by any means diminishing, and he was thoroughly wet. But now the going was a trifle easier. Arioch bade him shift his course a few points; and wind and sea, now catching the dory almost on the starboard quarter, shoved her along. Here and there as rifts opened in the fog an occasional dory or schooner became visible, but the shore remained quite hidden. The foghorn was sounding again, which told of thickening weather.

"What us got to keep an eye out fer now," said Arioch, "is steamers. Fishers gits run down often in the fog. Fer steamers don't allus blow their sirens. So keep yary [wary], b'y!"

Bob now began to feel a little nervous. There was something ghostly about the seas rolling in and in from the shifting fog. Fear tugged a bit at his heart.

The old fisher, however, seemed to think nothing of the situation. Long years had accustomed him to the sea in every mood and tense. His bait was all cut, and he was now occupying himself with making his gear ready. From a tub under the stern sheets he uncoiled much stout line fitted with big hooks and sinkers. One hook was broken. He cut it away and proceeded in a most complicated manner to "gandge" on another hook. When he had done that he squinted at the dull blur of sun through the enshrouding fog.

"She bes thick all rate," said he, "but I hears the groaner on the coddin' ground. Us'll be purty snug now."

"What's a groaner?" asked the boy. He was now sweating freely in his oilskins, and his hands hurt as if they were raw.

"Some folks calls un whistlin' buoys, but us calls un groaners," the old man explained. "Well, I guess this here'll do. I'll anchor anyhow an' try."

He hove the killock. When the dory had come to anchor with her bows to the still rising sea he dropped his line in fifty fathoms. The baited hook sank swiftly, dragged by the heavy lead. Bob imitated him.

"Touch bottom an' then jig yer line a little," Arioch directed. "Haul up quick."



Cod don't strike hard, an' they bes liable to git off the hook if ye don't pull cozy."

He stood there in the swaying dory, balancing himself with great deftness against every pitch and roll. Bob as yet didn't quite venture to stand up; he remained crouching on a thwart, a rough-looking figure in his big black sou'wester and his oilers. No one could possibly have recognized him as Bob Graham of Boston.

He felt his lead strike bottom as he let the line pay out through his brine-soaked, painful hands. When the lead struck he pulled up a little of the coarse, dripping line and seesawed it, quite like Arioch. It seemed to weigh at least a ton.

"That bes good," the old man said approvingly. His beard was now all gemmed and beaded with fog. "Ye larn fast. Us'll make a codder of ye in a week or two."

The fishing was not good. For fifteen minutes they didn't get a nibble. Arioch kept a cautious eye out. Then with a grunt he said, "I don't like the feel of the breeze. This much had oughta clear off the fog, but it don't. An' I feel puckerin' too."

"You aren't sick, are you?" asked the dripping amateur.

"No, not proper sick, but I got a droll 'id (head). This fog's rollin' too thick to suit me. An' here bes a nasty place to git lost or in trouble, b'y. The say's risin', an' they bes an off-shore breeze, an' no land to suthards this side of the south pole. They

bes say room enough all rate," he grimly jested.

Bob looked anxiously at the fog bank now rolling down on them. It seemed for all the world like smoke—white streaked with gray lying all along the heavy sea. Though it was not deep,—for the sun from above could almost penetrate it,—laterally it was as opaque as wool. The entire world seemed to have become just vague sky, moving sea, drifting vapors.

"Think we'd better start back to land?" asked Bob.

"No, no, not just yit. Us ain't ketched no fish yet, an' doggoned if I'll go in—hello, there! Haul in, b'y, ye hooked somethin'!"

Bob commenced pulling up with hands that dripped brine from the sodden cord—brine that made his blisters smart grievously. The line dragged like lead. Bob had been so anxious about the weather that he hadn't felt the fish bite, but now he was making up for lost time. Hand over hand the line surged up from black depths of ocean. The drag on it was not fitful like that of bass or trout, but steady. For all their virtues cod are not gamy fish.

Bob grew very tired. He had never before realized how long a fifty-fathom line can be with a big sinker, hook and cod on the other end. His efforts slackened. Old Arioch cried: "Keep it up, b'y! Ye be doin' fine. Ah, here he come!"

With a last effort of his aching arms Bob

hauled a great, gleaming fish into the dory. It flopped so violently on the slats among the bilge and gurry that the hook flew from its gaping mouth.

"Not bad," said Arioch. "He'll scale twelve or fifteen poun'. But he have no mark top o' his tail. He bes no scull fish."

"What's a scull fish?" asked Bob, sweating in spite of the chilly wind.

"A fish as runs in a scull of course. Ain't ye never heerd tell on a scull of fish?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, suddenly understanding. "A school!"

"No, they don't be no scull round here the day," said Arioch. "Us'll up anchor an' try Bull Shoal a little snigger on the land."

He hauled the killock, and, once more taking the oars, Bob headed the dory into the eye of sea and wind and began to row with all his might. He couldn't see that he was making much progress. The gray waves wheeled mightily past in the smothering fog. Now and then they peppered him with a whiff of salt spray.

"Looks like they was more lop on," said the old man. "I dunno but us'd better make fer home an' let it go fer now. It bes a wonderful bad day fer coddin', I mind. I ain't so young as what I was once, an' ye'll be 'bout done. What say us calls un a day?"

"Suits me!" agreed Bob, only too glad to be on his way toward the harbor. Where that harbor might be he hadn't the remotest idea.

The "groaner" seemed bellowing far off to port; but again Bob thought it sounded astern. Fog throws echoes and deflects sound at times like a solid wall. Nothing can be more confusing.

Arioch, however, didn't seem at all concerned. Now and then he corrected the course. "Ye be doin' fine, b'y," he said approvingly. "Wid a little more elbow grease—"

Crack!

Bob found himself on his shoulders in the squid. His legs waved on high. His right hand held the butt of an oar. The blade of it, caught by a wave, was already thirty feet away. The fog enfolded it, obliterated it from view.

"Now, b'y, ye done it!" shouted Arioch, starting up in alarm. "I told ye not to pull too cozy! Now—now—"

"What—what's going to happen now?" stammered Bob, struggling up, pale and frightened.

"Ask wind an' weather, b'y," said the old fisherman. "Us ain't got nothin' more to say about it!"

Sheering off, the dory fell into the deep trough of the marching seas. One eager wave made a clean breach over her starboard gunwale. As if exulting, the wind blustered down on them. The tiny chip of a boat, helpless now, wallowed drunkenly. Already half-filled with brine, she began drifting, drifting aimlessly out toward the open sea.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## EGYPTIAN LIFE IN THE TIME OF TUTENKHAMON

By Mrs. Grant Williams

One would have thought a few years ago that an Egyptian king who lived thirteen hundred and fifty years before Christ could be of much interest to the modern world. Now that Tutenkhamon's name has become known to all many a reader doubtless

has asked: "How did people live so long ago? Did they have houses, clothes and things to eat that were at all like ours?"

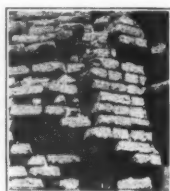
Let us try to picture the surroundings in which the boy king and the little queen who shared his throne lived and consider something of their mode of life.

Less than twenty years before Tutenkhamon began to reign the king whose daughter he afterwards married decided to build a new capital city. It was an enterprise somewhat like that undertaken long ago in our own country when Washington was projected or like that now being carried out by the Australians at Canberra. Only the Egyptians built faster; they had plentiful laborers who must do as the king ordered, and all their houses were of brick and of a kind that could be put up quickly. Their bricks were much larger than ours; they were fifteen by seven by four and three-fourths inches and were made of Nile mud dried in the sun. The ancient Egyptian word for mud brick is "adobe," which passed from Egyptian into Arabic, from Arabic into Spanish and from Spanish into English; thus we call sun-dried bricks today by the very name that Tutenkhamon used for them.

There were no stone walls in the new city,

rooms too large to span without such supports. The doors also were of wood. They were not swung like ours from the side with hinges, but were built out from a post that turned in sockets in the lintel and threshold. And they were not provided with metal locks and keys; those things were not yet invented; the Egyptian had only a bar of wood across the door on the inside to give a measure of security. By means of a short cylinder of wood to which thongs were attached, and which he inserted through a small hole, he could knock the bar into position when he left the house or out of the way when he returned. On the outside the houses were white-washed and were glaring white in the hot sun except where relieved here and there by painted decorations such as a gay garland of bachelor's buttons, persea fruits, poppies and lotus petals hanging from a window sill. The streets were without shade trees or visible lawns; the Egyptian preferred the privacy of a wall about his gardens. They were unpaved, but were seldom muddy, because rains were infrequent; dust was kept down by sprinkling. Three main thoroughfares ran north and south, extending four and a third miles roughly parallel with the river. But in an east and west direction the city was very narrow, only about three fifths of a mile across. Today people do not start a new capital without first making a plan of the principal streets. But in that ancient capital the main streets, in places one hundred and fifty feet wide, made a number of jogs; other streets were scarcely more than passages between houses. From that we may infer that the king retained the sites he wished for his palaces and temples, that the courtiers and high officials obtained the next best positions for their sumptuous houses, and that the humbler folk, mostly artisans, filled with their houses—many of them combined workshops and dwellings—the space that was left.

Yet the Egyptian could when he chose plan house quarters of great regularity, for farther east just under the cliffs that shut in



Egyptian bricks of sun-dried mud



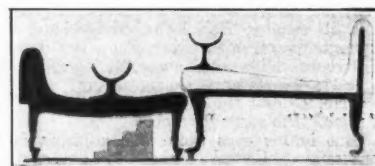
A man praying. He wears a wig and a pleated linen garment

but some stone was used in the houses as bases for columns and as the framework of doorways. Some wood too was employed, especially for the flat roofs of beam and shorter cross timbers and for the shafts of columns that supported the roofing in the



A graceful, strong and beautifully made rosewood chair

were raised a little above the street level, and there you found not a street number as with us, but carved on the stone door jambs full-length figures of the owner adorning the sun; inscribed in the stone were his titles and name and the prayer that he was supposed



A drawing of beds with headrests and steps

to be saying. Or you could go through a side entrance into the garden, for the larger establishments consisted not merely of a house but also of surrounding gardens and outbuildings; the last included light garden houses for the master and his family, small houses for the servants and even separate kitchens placed to the south of the main house, inasmuch as the prevailing winds were from the north. In the garden were a well and a well sweep to raise the water; a shaded path led to the well. Many owners prided themselves on the variety and number of trees that they possessed; among their trees were the sycamore fig, the persea tree, the date palm, the pomegranate and the tamarisk.

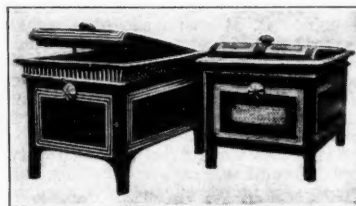
Some of the houses were very large, as, for example, that of the vizier, who was the most important person next to the king, and who sometimes was the power behind the throne. Nowadays we think it a bad plan to have administrative and judicial duties performed by the same person, but in ancient Egypt a man could administer the laws and also dispense justice, and the vizier was very busy with both kinds of activities. In the city that I have been describing his



The pillow of ancient Egypt

Mrs. Williams is a well-known lecturer and writer on the art of the Egyptians.

house had thirty rooms and occupied a plot of ground a hundred and fourteen by eighty-five feet. Its central main room was twenty-six feet square and had a raised platform where he sat when he received visitors. The windows were high in the walls and comparatively small because the light in Egypt is strong; of course they had no window glass,—that was still unknown,—but only vertical bars and openings. The adobe walls were plastered over and decorated in part with pleasing patterns, especially round the doorways. Four columns painted red supported the ceiling. The floor was of large flat adobe tiles and was covered with rush mats. There was a brazier on which hot coals glowed of cold mornings and evenings. At one side of the room was a stone slab with a low wall round it on which stood a jar of water; a servant was always in attendance to pour the cooling water over the master's feet and hands or to serve a guest in like manner when he came in from the street. Nine doors opened from that room into other apartments, which included more secluded rooms for the women and children, several naster's bedrooms and guest rooms and numerous storage rooms. The house had at least two baths. The kind of bath the Egyptian enjoyed was not a tub, but a shower, and, although he had no mechanical arrangements for spraying the water, he had willing slaves who poured the water over him and massaged him afterwards, and his stone-lined tanks were provided with outlets by which the water was conducted outside



Handsome boxes of ebony with ivory inlay

the house. Even modest houses had the comfort of such a bathroom.

The excavation of the royal palaces of the city has only been begun, but certainly in construction they were like the private houses and differed from them only in having larger and more numerous rooms and



gardens and colonnades and finer decorations. More frequently than the private house the palace had painted floors representing usually pools of water with birds flying among the water plants and cattle sporting among the bushes on the banks. Thus the king could imagine himself in the midst of the wild life of the marshes, which he so greatly loved. There was a throne room with an elevated throne approached by steps, and there the king sat on formal occasions to receive foreign embassies or his own subjects. Only last winter the royal stables were discovered, and to the astonishment and delight of the excavators the mangers for the favorite animals were found decorated with beautiful limestone reliefs of ibexes, antelopes, oxen and their attendants.

The Egyptians were adept at all kinds of crafts, and their articles of daily use, furniture and utensils, were rich and beautiful. They had commodious armchairs with backs into which the body fitted comfortably; those were provided with footstools and cushions stuffed with pigeons' feathers. And they had all manner of lesser chairs and folding stools, but no rocking chairs. The wooden furniture was without metal nails, but was pegged and glued together; often it was ornate with carved details and inlays of ebony and ivory. Many chairs were cane-seated; others had seats of interwoven



A lady with a huge wig

palace room with the full-sized bed of the queen or nurse and beside it three identical smaller beds for three little princesses.

The houses and palaces of that ancient city were not provided with closets or wardrobes in which to hang clothes. Instead the people folded their garments into chests, and they had handsome boxes of many sizes and shapes for their various personal property, even down to small and dainty boxes of ivory with gold-hinged lids for their jewels. Egyptian clothes were exceedingly elaborate at that time. I have referred to the fashion of wearing wigs, some of which were long and enveloped the shoulders. The garments were of white linen covering the entire figure; they were sheer and fine in texture and intricately cut and pleated. No shoes were worn, but sandals of leather or papyrus; and in Tutenkhamon's day the style was just coming in of recurring the toe of the sandal over the foot almost to the instep.

A king, as we have learned from the young king's tomb, even had jeweled sandals. He also had many distinctive crowns and girdles that no subject of his would dare to assume. Sometimes for special ceremonies he put on the simpler dress of his forefathers that left the upper part of the body uncovered, and his formal portraits often showed him wearing it. Always over his head a colorful, poisonous serpent appeared to coil and to erect itself above his brow as if to threaten all his foes, even as in Egyptian belief it had defended the sun god from all enemies. That symbol attached to his other headgear was of metal—bronze or gold-inlaid and beautifully wrought. And both he and his subjects, men and women, wore a great deal of jewelry. They wore circlets, or coronets, earrings, broad bead collars, strings of beads round the neck, with many kinds of pendants, armlets, bracelets, finger rings and anklets, but no pins or brooches. Their jewelry did not look like that to be seen in a jeweler's store today, for it did not glitter, and it was full of color. They had no diamonds or platinum and knew nothing of faceting stones, but they used silver or high carat gold set with lapis lazuli, carnelian, turquoise, amazon stone, amethyst, jasper and garnet.

The Egyptians had their three meals a day. In the palace dinner was served in the middle of the day, and the evening meal was a supper, but the reverse was true of the field laborers, who must be away from home until nightfall. Families did not sit round a single table as we do, but in groups, and were served with a kind of buffet meal. Always first of all servants passed bowls and poured water from ewers over the hands of the master and those eating with him and gave them towels; that was done also at the end of the meal. It was the more necessary because they did not have knives, forks and spoons, but took up not only bread but all their other solid foods in their hands. Among their foods were broiled beef and game, various ducks and other birds, both domestic and wild, but no chicken. Fish they had and onions and a variety of breads and cakes. The bread was usually in round or oval flat form like griddle cakes, but sometimes in conical loaves or fancy forms such as the figures of animals, which must have delighted the children. They had dates, figs, grapes and other fruits, and for sweets honey, and they drank milk, beer and wine.

Much pains were taken to make the tables of food look attractive. They had beautiful bowls, dishes and drinking cups, the last often in the form of a lotus blossom, and sprays of flowers were never lacking. When the court journeyed "wreaths of flowers for the jars" were required from the towns along the way just as much as bread, meat and fuel. The evening meal was served by lamplight. The commonest lamp was a bowl on a high stand; a wick floated in oil, and the oil, according to the recent experiments of one scholar, was crude castor oil with salt added to make it burn with a white steady flame. In the palace and richer private homes there was often instrumental music accompanying song and dance during the meal; and always that was so at parties, of which the Egyptians gave many, for they were a pleasure-loving people fond of company and good times. In Tutenkhamon's day the fashionable instruments were the harp, the oboe, the clarinet, the lyre and the lute, and some of the instruments were of foreign design and were even played by foreign musicians. Some of the wines and fruits in highest

repute were imported too, and generally there was a liking in the new capital for all kinds of foreign things.

Royal children were brought up in a special part of the palace. They had their nurses when very young and their tutors, who were chosen from the influential families at court, and who were afterwards highly honored because they had served in those capacities. And often children from the best families were brought to court to be companions to the young princes and princesses and share their education. But the royal children did not live apart from their parents all day long. In ancient pictures that show us the affectionate family life of the king and queen who were Tutenkhamon's parents-in-law we see the children clambering over the laps of the royal pair, playing with the queen's earrings, receiving presents of jewels from the king and sitting in smaller chairs beside their elders at meals. And they appeared at times with the king and queen in public, now in a palace loggia when they helped to throw down gifts to a courtier who



Ancient Egyptian finger rings

was to be rewarded, now driving in chariots to service in the temple just as a modern child accompanies his parents in an automobile to church. On one such drive a little princess leaned over the chariot rail and playfully poked the horses' haunches with a stick, and an artist who observed the mischievous prank or heard about it put it into his picture.

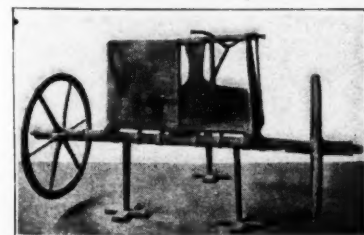
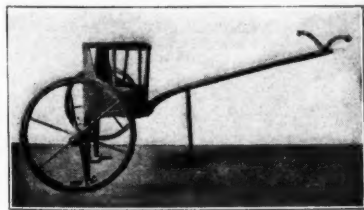
I have not space left to tell in detail of the Egyptian's sports—that he felled birds in the marshes with throw sticks and hunted animals in the desert, gazelles and even fierce lions, shooting with bow and arrows from his chariot, or that even the children learned to drive spirited horses before a chariot, although they did not ride them. Nor can I speak of his pets—dogs, cats, monkeys and other creatures. But I hope you will have gained some impression of the conditions under which Tutenkhamon and his queen lived until political changes took them back to the older capital, Thebes, where the king died and was buried with such magnificence.



A statue of the young King Tutenkhamon wearing the headdress of his forefathers

string; still others had slats of wood over which skins or cushions were placed. The tables were small and rectangular and had spreading legs with latticework supports between them. The beds, some of them lower than ours, others so high as to require steps for mounting to them, invariably had a footboard but no headboard. The Egyptians did not rest their heads at night on pillows, but on headrests that were made less austere by padding. Some persons have thought they used head rests in order not to muss elaborately dressed hair, but as men and women usually had their own hair bobbed very short and put on at their pleasure a variety of wigs, and as the wig was easily laid in a box at night, we may suppose that the headrest represented their idea of true comfort, and that pillows seemed in their climate too hot. One fascinating bit of relief shows a

A chariot, side and rear views



## THE WAY OF THE WHITTENS

By Edith Lewis Hunt

VERNA WHITTEN dragged wearily along the paved walk until she came to the iron fence that marked the boundary of the Whitten property. She paused under the old maple tree to view dispassionately the "estate"—so termed in a rather grandiloquent fashion by Mme. Anastasia Whitten and her friends and in a rather derisive way by the more jocular spirits of Clayton.

The iron fence badly needed repairing. The palings were red with rust, and the gate sagged hopelessly. The old-fashioned flagged walk was unable to maintain its side of the unequal contest with the weeds that protruded from between the stones. The sun-blistered steps and the warped floor of the porch seemed to shriek their need of paint, and a few loose shingles, dislodged by the storm of the night before, added to the general unsightliness. Verna sighed. The word "estate" made her think of trim lawns and well-clipped hedges, large houses with latticed windows and shady porches—not of old-fashioned, disorderly gardens that made continual demands on the time and patience of their owners and refused to reward them with anything resembling an acceptable posy and not of ramshackle old houses in chronic need of renovation and repair.

The crunch of footsteps on the path behind her and the whang of the tightly rolled newspaper as it struck the front door recalled her to the situation that confronted her. She had intended to be at home ahead of the newsboy and to break the news as tactfully as possible, but as she swung open the gate Madame herself appeared, shook the newspaper open and scanned the headlines.

"H'm, so they're going to put another burden on this town"



"H'm, so they're going to put another burden on this town to give a lot of youngsters things they can't appreciate. What nonsense!"

Verna brushed past her without comment and dropped her roll of examination papers on the hall table.

"School board plans to purchase land for additions to buildings and playground," Madame continued to read; "new wing to be added to the Lincoln School." She paused. "What's the matter with the building they have now? It cost quite a sum of money, I can tell you, and it looks good enough to me."

"It is rather crowded," replied her daughter-in-law gently, "as you would realize if you taught there, and besides the entire building needs renovating."

"H'm. Plan to remodel present building into junior high school, add a wing, purchase the square block bounded by Maple, Elm, State and Main streets for elementary school and recreation field." Maple, Elm, State and Main," she repeated reflectively. "Why, Verna Whitten, that is this very block; that includes our property, the estate! Why, they can't do it!"

As Verna made no response to the assertion, she repeated it more aggressively. "They can't do it! This has been our home since the town was settled. Do they think I am going to give it up for a lot of boys to kick a ball round it or for some noisy children to swing under my trees? Give up my garden and this house? It would be defrauding Miles of his heritage!" Miles was her grandson, Verna's boy.



"We shall have plenty of chances to think of it and of not much else," responded Verna dryly. "Mr. Haddon discussed the matter at teachers' meeting this afternoon. They are preparing for rallies and drives to awaken enthusiasm and inform the public in order to pass the bonds."

Madame made no comment, but carefully folded the paper and placed it with her spectacles on top of the pile of papers and clippings and documents from which she was compiling a history of the Whitten family. After supper when they were gathered round the sitting-room table, Miles with his arithmetic open before him, Verna with her stack of examination papers and Madame with the little brown notebook that contained items about the earlier Whittens in her fine Spencerian hand, the subject was reopened.

"There is no limit to the folly to which people will go," Madame proclaimed as she put on her spectacles and adjusted the study lamp. "A prize of ten dollars is offered for the best composition on the school bonds by a school pupil. The idea of trying to make political propagandists of our children! In my day a child's business was to learn to read and write and spell and figure correctly, which is more than most of them can do at the present time."

Verna pressed her lips firmly together at the familiar tirade.

"Prominent citizen, member of the school board, offers the prize," continued Madame. "H'm. How long since has David Minnis been a prominent citizen?" Then a new idea occurred to her. "Why, Verna, that explains everything! Don't you see? It's a personal matter. That explains why this block was chosen. David Minnis saw an opportunity to attack a Whitten. He selected this spot just to drive us from our home. What else could you expect of a Minnis?"

Verna hesitated. Should she reply to the absurd accusation? She realized that Madame was in no mood to admit that the block was the logical place for the new school; all that occupied her horizon was her own personal feeling in the matter and the hereditary feud between the Minnis family and the Whittens.

"No, I don't suppose you could be expected to see through such a scheme, Verna, but to me, born, bred and married a Whitten—well, it is painfully clear. But he has underestimated us. It is not the way of the Whittens to lie down when attacked."

Verna shrugged her shoulders and frowned at Miles, who, entirely forgetful of his arithmetic, was staring at his grandmother in astonishment. What was the use of discussing the matter? The easiest way was to let her talk it out if she would, and perhaps in the morning she would take a saner view. So she skillfully diverted attention to a rather obscure point in the Whitten family history, and soon Madame was engrossed in her self-imposed task of sorting and recording.

As the days went by it seemed as if there were nothing of importance in the world except school bonds, as if everything else had been subordinated to them. The children spent their busy work periods making posters and writing letters about meetings and rallies to take home to father and mother. In the teachers' meetings the subject predominated.

At home a succession of crises occurred. With the misguided enthusiasm of youth Miles had seized one of the stickers designed for automobile windshields and had ornamented the sitting-room window with it. His grandmother had torn it down with a torrent of biting words about meddlesome boys, and Verna had needed all her tact and patience to restore peace. Then the boy precipitated a storm at the dinner table by an apparently innocent question.

"What's condemning property?" he asked. Madame turned sharply in her chair.

"What are you talking about?"

"Condemning property. While I was at the store I heard Dr. Ramsay say that, if some folks wouldn't be public-spirited enough to sell at a reasonable price, they would find that the town would condemn their property, and it would serve them right."

"I always knew that Duncan Ramsay had too free a tongue, but you shouldn't stand round gaping when your elders are talking."

"I wasn't gaping," protested Miles indignantly; "I was waiting for Mr. Mallow to tie up the sugar, and he said that it was too

DRAWINGS  
BY HAROLD  
SICHEL



soon to talk about condemning till the bonds were passed, if they ever were."

Madame addressed herself directly to her daughter-in-law. "Then there is some opposition? They haven't hypnotized everyone with all their clatter?"

"It is possible there may be some opposition in South Clayton," replied Verna briefly. "South Clayton wants a new school building over there, and it may not be content with merely repainting the old one."

"U'm," Madame's eyes sparkled. "David Minnis may find that it is not so easy to cajole two thirds of the people into doing what he wants."

"But Dr. Ramsay—" began Miles.

"That's enough of Dr. Ramsay," Verna disposed of the topic decidedly. Madame had the ability to goad her beyond endurance, but she was determined not to be led into argument this time, not only because she really loved the old lady and realized that her whole life was centred in Miles, "the last of the Whittens," but because she felt that she would be wasting time and energy. After some of her most strenuous arguments with the old lady she had once or twice caught a gleam in Madame's eye that made her wonder whether the old lady were not merely leading her on.

She did wish that the whole town would not hold her responsible for Madame's opinions and expect her to bring her into line. She realized that the shabby, run-down, rambling old house with half its rooms closed and everything about it in a state of decay was dearer to the old lady than outsiders knew; that fact as well as the knowledge that she could profitably rent her own modern bungalow had made her consent to bring Miles there to live after his father's death. However, she questioned the wisdom of her decision, though not for the first time, when Miles rushed into the house in great excitement one day during the latter part of the week.

"It's mine, mine!" he cried, waving the final edition of the Courier in his hand. "I did it all myself! 'Boost for the Bonds and Build for the Boys and Girls,' by Miles Whitten."

Madame snatched the paper from his hand and while Verna, peering over her shoulder, skimmed the headline. "Disgusting!" she ejaculated. "I suppose he thought it was clever, trying to bribe me through my own grandson."

"It wasn't because I'm your grandson!" retorted Miles angrily. "That's nothing to boast of. They chose it 'cause it was the best; all of them said so, and they didn't know who wrote it until afterwards; it was just number fourteen."

Madame turned to Verna as Miles jerked from under her restraining hand and fled into the garden. "I think that Miles's manners need improvement," she said tartly; "I was never allowed to address my grandmother in such a way."

"He was excited and didn't realize how it would sound," explained Verna wearily. Then she added with asperity, "And he resented, with a certain amount of justice too, the implication that it was influence and not the merit of his work that won the prize."

"I didn't say it had no merit," Verna so seldom asserted herself that Madame was almost speechless. "How can I know before I read it? After all Miles is a Whitten, and the Whittens have usually been endowed with at least the ordinary amount of brains."

Verna turned away. The same old theme! Sometimes she hated the name she bore. But in the evening as she picked up the scattered papers on the sitting-room table she smiled in amusement at the latest entry in Madame's little brown notebook: "Miles won a prize of ten dollars for a composition on a subject of public interest; cf. Miles Whitten, who in 1854 at the age of thirteen received a copy of Pilgrim's Progress for his essay on patriotism."

As the day for voting on the matter of issuing bonds drew nearer, with the result still in doubt, Madame followed the reports with interest. South Clayton was the centre of the opposition, and it was with a decided feeling of dismay that Verna heard her announce her intention of going to the meeting of the South Clayton Improvement Club. That Madame could and did wield some influence in South Clayton as well as in her own group of friends was undeniable. South Clayton remembered who had organized the Red Cross Auxiliary and run the sewing machine

steadily when her rheumatic fingers couldn't roll bandaging, who had managed the food kitchen in the Improvement Club during the influenza epidemic, and who had not been too tired in the evenings to help with the family mending in homes where there was sickness.

With what she hoped would pass for unconcern Verna inquired, "Do you think you ought to make the effort this evening? There is a cold north wind blowing."

Madame's heavy eyebrows met across the bridge of her nose. Then she smiled, and there was a wicked gleam in her black eyes as she replied, "North wind or no north wind, effort or no effort, I'm going."

"Then let's all go," Verna suggested. She couldn't prevent Madame's going, but she could at least be present to see what occurred.

Seated between Miles and Madame in the somewhat crowded Improvement Club hall an hour later, she wondered what there was about the Whittens that gave them an air of supreme assurance. Madame's neat black bonnet had done duty for nearly four years, and she felt sure that Miles's trip to Scout Camp had caused his grandmother to decide that her coat was quite good enough for another season. Yet as she sat there she was forced to admit that Madame, who was following proceedings closely, rose above such trivial things.

Miles was restless. With increasing impatience he had squirmed from side to side on the bench as one person after another had expressed sentiments adverse to the passing of the bonds. Suddenly Verna felt him twitch her sleeve. "Don't let her, don't let her," he protested in an agonized whisper.

She glanced up. Madame was on her feet and had received recognition from the chair. Verna leaned back in resignation. Miles

seemed to shrivel; he was hunched forward with his face almost hidden in his cap. For him the end of the world had come. Madame was speaking. Looking past her, Verna could see the eager, interested faces of the people who counted her their friend.

"—and I ask you this. Is there one of you whom this touches as closely as it does me? Whose property is affected? Whose home is destroyed? I was born in that house, married there, and I expected to die there." Her voice quivered slightly at the words. "It is my home and that of my grandson, but if it is a question of choosing between the interests of all the children and the interests of just one, between a whole community and one family, then, then—no Whitten has ever yet stood in the path of progress, and this Whitten isn't going to be the first to do so!"

A round of hearty applause covered her somewhat hurried conclusion, and as she sank back into her place beside her slightly flustered daughter-in-law her snapping black eyes gleamed with mischief. Verna had no opportunity for comment either then or later, for following the resolution approving the bond issue the meeting adjourned, and the three got a lift home in Dr. Ramsay's automobile.

"You certainly turned the tide," he called after Madame as she hurried into the house out of the night air, leaving Verna to express their thanks.

She made no reply, but a little later as Verna turned down the reading lamp she saw a fresh entry in the little brown notebook, and as she read it her smile grew tender: "Made speech approving school bonds at South Clayton Improvement Club; c. f. Elias Whitten, 1823, who sacrificed two and a quarter acres of the home farm for the Northfield Academy."

## THE TANGLED ROPE



By Hugh F. Grinstead

WHEN Ben Gilbert went to work on the Cunningham ranch he was both amused and disgusted at the method of catching the horses there. On the farm in the East where he had been brought up the work horses could be caught anywhere in the barn lot, but the Western animals while loose in the corral would snort and plunge if a man approached them with a bridle in his hand. They were usually gentle and tractable enough, however, once a rope was round their necks. Not only the saddle horses but the teams used in plowing and hauling had to be lassoed.

After a little practice Ben could toss a noose over the head of a horse as it ran past him in the big corral or huddled with the others in a corner. Generally speaking, he had no trouble in bridling and harnessing a horse after he had roped it and tied it to a post. Most of the horses were draft animals such as he had been accustomed to driving. There were a few, however, that were of old

Spanish stock and were thoroughly "mean."

One that had been named Old Piute on account of the Indian brand that he carried was especially provoking. He had been broken to harness after he was six years old and, having been a saddle horse hitherto, had never taken kindly to the work of pulling a plow or a wagon. He was larger and stronger than most range horses and when he was kept at work day after day was fairly dependable. But if he had a rest of a week or two, he became refractory, and, if his idleness continued longer than two months, the task of hitching him was almost equal to the task of breaking a horse that had never been harnessed.

A galled shoulder had led to Old Piute's having an extra long rest the summer that Ben Gilbert went to the ranch. In the haying season when most of the men and horses were at the hay camp ten miles from the home ranch the foreman detailed Ben to hitch the only team remaining in the pasture

He threw up his arms and dived forward





and haul a load of posts to the hay camp for use in fencing the stacks. Old Piute, whose shoulder was now entirely well, was one of the pair left for Ben to work.

When the foreman had ridden away after breakfast Ben and the cook were the only persons left at the ranch. After searching in the harness shed and in the corral Ben found a tangled coil of stiff rope and went to catch his team, which the foreman had driven in from the pasture.

Ben did not trouble to untangle all the rope, which he thought must be fifty feet long, but when he had run a noose in one end and had shaken twenty or thirty feet of it free of snarls he advanced toward the horses. He wanted to catch Old Piute first, but the other horse, a stocky roan, kept getting in the way. Ben finally caught the roan, led it outside and put the harness on it. Then he came back for Old Piute. He found it much harder to rope the horse alone in the corral than he would have found it had there been other horses there, but he eventually succeeded in the task and led the snorting beast to the gate, which he swung open into the big pasture.

DRAWINGS  
BY W. F.  
STECHEE



Once outside the corral, Old Piute decided to make a break for liberty. Unless a man is taken off his guard, he can hold a horse that is roped by the neck. He cannot do it, however, by holding the rope at arm's length; he must lean back against a short stretch of it and hold it close against his body at the hips. By keeping his legs stiff when the horse surges the man can yield a little without being jerked off his feet and thus worry the horse into submission.

Ben Gilbert had no chance to handle the horse in the proper way, for at the animal's first lunge he lost his footing. He retained his hold on the rope, however, and was dragged for twenty or thirty feet over the smooth ground. A hundred and fifty pounds dead weight at the end of a rope is enough to check considerably the speed of a runaway horse. Ben, however, in struggling to regain his feet was relieving Old Piute of half the burden.

He finally got to his feet again, but at the same instant the horse redoubled his effort to break loose. There followed a short run of two or three rods during which Ben was bothered and impeded by the snarls of useless rope that dangled round his legs. Finally he stepped on a strand of it, his feet shot from under him, and he measured his length on the ground. He instantly let go the rope, for his experience of the past few minutes in being dragged over the ground had been too unpleasant for him to wish to repeat it.

But his troubles were not to be ended so easily. Ben had reckoned without the tangled rope, at least fifteen feet of which was dragging behind him in irregular loops and coils. When he fell it drew tight round his left leg at the knee, and almost instantly he felt himself moving again!

It is one thing to be jerked along by a rope that you can release at any time you wish; it is another to be unwillingly dragged by the feet with no power to free yourself. Ben was thoroughly frightened. His first impulse was to cut the rope, and his hand slipped involuntarily toward his pocket. Then he remembered that a few days before he had lost his knife.

Several rods ahead of Old Piute was a rocky slope that led down to a ravine, and the obstinate brute was heading toward it at increased speed. It was barely possible but by no means likely that a man could be dragged over the sharp rocks without being killed. Ben made futile efforts to raise himself, to double forward until he could reach the knotted rope with his hands. He found that he could do no more than slightly raise his head and shoulders. The ground was slipping away too rapidly for him to get a purchase with his hands to push himself forward. He opened his mouth to call for help, but shut it again when he realized that there was no one except the cook near by, and that in all likelihood he was inside the house with the doors shut. His calls would only urge the horse to greater speed.

Dragged over the ground like a stone boat, Ben felt the pebbles and sharp stubs cutting through the shirt on his back and at times even tearing the tough garment. When he passed within reach of a mesquite bush little more than a foot high he threw

out his hand and clutched the thorny shrub in the hope of escaping the impending plunge down the rocky slope, but his grasp tore loose, and he had only a lacerated hand for his trouble. Into Ben's mind flashed numerous stories that he had heard of the Indians' tying their captives to wild horses to be dragged to death over rocks or through cactus. He shuddered at the prospect of a like gruesome end.

He stifled a cry of pain as his back encountered a loose stone that rolled under him. He knew he was drawing close to the rock-strewn slope. He raised his head and shoulders in order to see ahead of him. For an instant he beheld, as if it were moving toward him, a blur of parched grass, scattered shrubs, an occasional yucca stalk and numberless brown objects that he knew were the sharp points of rocks thrust upward from the barren soil. He also had a momentary glimpse of a small mesquite tree, little more than a shrub, in the foreground. He was within thirty feet of it and rapidly drawing nearer. The tautened rope was less than a yard to the right of it. Two or three yards nearer was a washed-out trail that ran diagonally across the course the runaway horse was following.

Ben was aware of an increase of speed as the incline became sharper. Old Piute had quickened his gait and was preparing to break into a gallop within a few seconds. But the sight of the little mesquite, which was scarcely larger than a man's wrist, had given Ben an idea. If the rope could be made to saw against the slender trunk near the ground, the friction would help to check the runaway.

Had he been holding it with his hands and therefore going head first, he thought he might have managed to swing himself to the left; or had he been able to get to his feet for a second or two—

Ben was now within ten feet of the worn trail, and its nearness seemed to give him a sudden inspiration. He had crossed his free leg over the one caught in the rope so as to keep them together and thereby escape more serious injury. Now on the impulse of the moment he thrust his free leg forward, stiffened every muscle in it and waited for his feet to reach the worn trail, which had washed out to form a gully a foot deep.

Presently he felt the trail beneath his feet. He let his free foot drop slightly so that the heel and sole of his boot caught against the opposite bank of the little gully while the other foot was carried on. With muscles of his back and legs rigid he met the impact.

His free foot was solidly braced against the brink of the gully; the other was pulled forward by the rope. The strain on his back and his knee was terrific. Then like a log upended he was brought to his feet. The speed of the horse was checked for a little. The danger was that in another instant the horse would gather speed again and throw him flat on his face. Just ahead of him and not more than two feet to his left stood the little mesquite tree. Beyond and on either side of it were several jagged stones; one of them was scarcely a yard to the left of it. Though almost blind with pain, Ben saw it all as he was pulled to his feet. He threw up his arms and dived forward before the rope could tighten again. He sailed through the air and, barely missing the sharp rock, landed flat on the grass to the left of the little mesquite. The rope at once tightened and began to pull against the trunk of the little tree.

Suddenly Ben's leg jerked against it. He felt a cutting pain as the horse pulled him back. He clutched frantically at the tufts of grass and held on, although the rope cut into his leg with each plunge of the obstinate horse. The sweat stood out in beads on his face and forehead as he struggled to maintain his hold.

Lizzy and faint, Ben suddenly felt the rope relax. Looking up, he found that Old Piute, concluding that he had been captured and securely tied, had given up the struggle and was standing sulkily at the end of his tether. With a painful effort Ben sat up and drew in enough of the slackened rope to make a turn round the tree. Holding it firm with one hand, he worked with the other at the loop round his leg. After a time he got himself free.

Old Piute snorted when Ben stood up and began coiling in the rope, but the horse was subdued and came along to be harnessed without giving any further trouble.



## Why coax children to eat what's "good for them"?

Here are the vital grain foods they need in a form that they love

THE modern mother considers her child's appetite, knows it is quite as easy to tempt the palate with a needed food as another. Coaxing children to eat what is good for them is unnecessary. Forcing them to eat foods that don't appeal now can be avoided.

\* \* \* \*

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are grain foods with the temptation of confections—with the flavor of nutmeats, steam exploded to eight times their normal size—every food cell broken to make digestion easy.

Served with milk or cream you have the body building elements children need, the minerals and vitamins in luscious combination—a food, a breakfast adventure in one!

Serve, too, as a night-time dish beyond compare. Serve with cooked or fresh fruits, as a garnishment with ice cream, as a between meal tid-bit (with melted butter) to supplant sweets. The ways to serve are many, each one a new delight.

Today, order a package each of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice of your grocer, then alternate to avoid chance of monotony.

The Quaker Oats Company



INTERNATIONAL



George Eastman

## FACT AND COMMENT

LEARN TO LIKE PEOPLE, and people will soon learn to like you.

Though every Rocket thinks itself a Star,  
Its End is but a Stick and Bit of Char.

THE PRICE OF A THING should be a measure of its quality; more often, however, it is merely a measure of what the careless buyer can be induced to pay for it.

AN ENGLISH ANGLER, says a London newspaper, asked a fellow sportsman whether he could tell him of a good fishing ground. "Yes," the man replied, pointing to a path marked "Private." "Go along there till you come to a field marked 'No Road.' Cross it, and on the other side you'll find a small wood where there's a board that says 'Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted.' In the middle of the wood you'll find a pond marked 'No Fishing Allowed.' That's the spot."

PROF. MICHAEL PUPIN, the physicist, who came to this country from Serbia as an immigrant boy, gives in his memoirs this interesting definition of Americanization: "Play the game." What a wonderful phrase! I studied it long, and the more I thought about it the more I was convinced that one aspect of the history of this country with all its traditions is summed up in those words. To 'play the game' according to the best traditions of the land that offered me all of its opportunities was always my idea of Americanization."

JAPAN IS HAVING TROUBLE with a tribe that inhabits the wilder parts of Korea. They have a habit of burning down forests, which are not plentiful in Korea, in order to get fresh soil for their crops. Another bad habit of theirs is avoiding soap and water; they never bathe from the day they are born until they die, yet they are healthy; at least they never have the doctor or use medicines. The marriage ceremony among them consists merely in shaking hands—a custom that travelers in Korea, particularly bachelors, would perhaps do well to keep in mind.

THE CHIEF VICE of the Indians and half-breeds of Bolivia is chewing coca. A man who has the habit can always be detected by the immense lump in his cheek. The general effect of the drug is to dull the nerves and stiffen the resistance to fatigue. Under its influence natives can endure great hardships and physical strain. Many of them will work for days at a time on nothing except coca leaves, which they begin to chew at breakfast time and continue to chew throughout the day. As with all narcotics, the persistent use of coca wrecks the nervous system and dulls the intellect.

"WHY I LIKE MY WORK" is the subject on which a newspaper of Czechoslovakia recently invited contributions from its readers. One woman wrote: "My life and my work are just the simple, sober humdrum of a good housekeeper. I take my daily life and all its cares simply, as they come, without posing as a martyr. I do not ask anybody to 'understand' me, because I have learned to find an outlet for my creative instinct within my own four walls. I have assumed responsibility for the happiness of those who are

near me, with the result that my own troubles retreat increasingly into the background." It would be hard to imagine a woman more content with her lot, and yet before her marriage this woman shrank from the task of homemaker; her ambition was to be a doctor.

## GREAT GIFTS

IF the United States is the land of enormous fortunes, it is no less conspicuously the land of enormous benefactions. Not all our rich men have been generous with their money. Some of them have tried to found families that should be famous for their wealth, seeing in the possession of riches the only means of attaining that common human ambition, a place in what men of their kind regard as the "aristocracy." But the desire to found a family, which is almost universal among the rich men of Europe, has not affected all our successful men of business. The two most extraordinary fortunes of the last century—those of Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie—have been largely distributed to encourage learning and to support scientific research. There were generous givers before Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie, and there have been more since. Mr. Frick, Mrs. Russell Sage, Mr. Milton Hershey and Mr. John W. Sterling, have all given millions either to education or to social research. Now two more great funds are announced. Mr. George Eastman of Rochester, New York, has added twelve and a half millions to his already large gifts for technical education, to be divided among the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Rochester University, Hampton Institute and Tuskegee Institute. Mr. James B. Duke of North Carolina has given forty million dollars to be used for establishing a university, founding hospitals and encouraging other charities in the two Carolinas.

The two foundations are alike in one respect, a respect in which they differ from most other great public trusts: the founders have apparently tried to insure not only the profitable use of their money but the permanence of the businesses in which that money is invested. The trustees of the Duke Foundation are to keep their funds in the Southern Power Company and to see to it that the affairs of the company are wisely and carefully administered. Mr. Eastman expresses the wish that the money he gives shall be kept invested in the company he founded, so that the stability of that company shall not be endangered by frequent changes in the ownership of its capital. Men who have done great things in business are often quite as much interested in the survival of their creations as they are in the proper use of the money they must leave behind them.

Though we often think of the generous distribution of great fortunes as something new under the sun, it is not wholly modern. There was a time in the Middle Ages when the art of giving was practiced just as assiduously as it is now. Kings, princes, nobles, merchants, burghers, all prosperous classes of society, were then emulous of the distinction of generosity. They founded churches, abbeys, monasteries, schools and colleges, and they gave charitable bequests too, which, though small in comparison with some of our modern gifts, were large enough when the narrow wealth of that day is considered. In those times organized religion profited more than any other cause from the liberality of the rich, and piety was the animating motive even of the gifts that were not made directly to the church. Today the money goes either for education or for the organized struggle against unhappy social conditions. Each age has its own way of looking at the eternal problems, and its own way of dealing with them. The Middle Ages were mystical, our time is practical. They sought for help through the priest, we look for help to the teacher. The end of both ways, the service of mankind, is the same.

## HUMILIATION

WHO has not suffered at some time in his life humiliation, deserved or undeserved? The memory nearly always rankles, even though it is sometimes accompanied by an understanding that the experience was salutary. To have your little pretences exposed, beneficial though the operation may be, leaves a soreness that is slow to heal, and that sometimes causes lasting resentment. Even the knowledge that there have been innocent and involuntary weaknesses of some failure that you have made

when you had confidently counted on success may render you for a long time ill at ease when you are in their presence. The mischievous effects of humiliation are more immediately apparent than the salutary. It is likely to make a person somewhat morbid, especially a person who is sensitive; and only the sensitive feel humiliation keenly. If they have character, they do not allow themselves to be permanently depressed and discouraged by it. Through it they learn to avoid the mistakes that led to it; eventually they acquire the poise and the just sense of proportion and perspective that restrain them from committing other acts of a sort to invite humiliation.

Those who have suffered keenly from some humiliating experience gain something by it in a quickening of sympathy and a warmer desire to spare and help other people who are at a disadvantage. Charity is often the fruit of humility, and some people attain humility only through humiliation.

## READERS

READERS are born, not made. Parents who have been readers themselves, and perhaps still more those who have not been and regret that they have not, make eager efforts to get their children to read. They provide them with books, they give them opportunity, they preach to them the possibilities of delight and profit. If the children are not born for it, they elude and evade; they take the books like any other task and slip away from them as soon as they can out into the golden air, where they can prattle with their fellows or stretch their limbs in muscular exuberance or do nothing rather than unthread the tangles of dull print.

On the other hand the born lover of books will find them in spite of all obstacles. He will forego comforts for them, deprive himself of food for them, travel miles for them. Books he will have; without them he cannot be satisfied.

There are people to whom books are nothing but piles of blackened paper to be avoided at all costs. There are others who seek something special in books and often read eagerly for that object, but who have no love for books otherwise. There are others still to whom a book is a passion—any book; they will read the dictionary when they cannot do better.

The evils and dangers of books are obvious enough. The pleasure they afford is a solitary pleasure; it isolates its votaries from their fellows and is likely to lead them into morbidness without their being aware of it. It is an indolent pleasure; at least it too often brings neglect of the body and of that constant exercise which is essential to all bodily health.

But the solace and delight of books, to those who have the taste for them, are inexpressible. When Montesquieu said, "I have never had a sorrow that a half hour's reading could not dissipate," he overstated the matter for most of us if not for himself; yet it is true that at all ages and at all times books afford the simplest, the cheapest, the most varied, the most lasting, the most sustaining of all the pleasures that a kind Providence has bestowed upon ungrateful and inconsiderate man. And it is well worth while to try to make readers of your children, even if you do not succeed.

## CONGESTED ROADS

THE need of some means of relief from the congestion of traffic on our highways, especially on Sundays and holidays, becomes every year more pressing. Graphically the situation could hardly be better presented than by a map on which the width of the roads were drawn on a scale to correspond with the average number of vehicles that pass over them. On such a map our cities would look like fat black spiders with broad legs, tapering out in all directions. In comparison the actual width of the roadways would seem ridiculously narrow. But unfortunately where the need for the widening is the greatest the cost in real estate to be condemned is the highest. To have boulevards of adequate width spreading in all directions from every city is impossible. Directing through traffic round the city centres is opposed by local business interests, and it would not cure congestion in the suburbs anyway.

In such circumstances could not our road builders learn something from the railway

engineers? In order to send trains in opposite directions over the same line the railway men do not double track the whole distance unless the traffic is heavy all the time. They construct sidings where trains can meet and pass. Could not the congestion on our highways be relieved at least temporarily by widening them at certain places, wherever conditions permit? At those points cars could pass each other comfortably, and drivers would learn to wait for such opportunities.

The plan is not ideal, but by increasing the number of "turn-outs" the roads would in time be widened throughout their whole length. By lengthening their sidings and adding to the number of them railway men ultimately get a double-track road. In a certain Eastern city a franchise for a single-track railway line "with turn-outs" was once stretched into a permit for a double-track rapid-transit line in the centre of a busy avenue. The company merely multiplied the number of "turn-outs," on which there was no specified limit.

As every automobile driver knows, the difficulty of passing a line of cars ahead is caused by the uniform width of the road. If every mile or so there were a "lung," or wider place, the congestion of traffic would be "aerated," and normal speed could be resumed. On occasions of extreme congestion when solid lines of cars fill the whole of a wider stretch the rule could be adopted of giving alternate cars the right of way at the narrow points. But except in the centre of cities such jams are infrequent, and there, moreover, traffic officers are always on duty. Usually all that is needed to escape a tie-up is a chance to pass a short line of cars or a single truck or horse-drawn vehicle.

## FROM MILL HAND TO WHEAT GROWER

SEVENTEEN years ago a young mill hand in a Manchester cotton factory, Mitchell by name, determined that he had had enough of his narrow and none-too-healthy occupation. He emigrated to Canada, took up a "quarter section" of land—160 acres—and went to work to raise wheat. He knew little enough about farming, but he was ready to learn and ready to work. Moreover, he took pride in doing his work well, and he took pains. He was one of the first farmers to appreciate the value of selected seed and to seek quality more than quantity of yield. Before he had been many years a farmer he had won the prize annually offered by the International Live Stock Exposition for the finest bushel of wheat entered in competition. A year or two later he won it again. A few weeks ago, on the same day that President Coolidge visited the exposition at Chicago and spoke there on the troubles of the farmer, Mr. Mitchell won the prize for the third time. He has a right to call himself the "champion" wheat grower of North America. Incidentally we may say that a Canadian farmer has won that title thirteen times in fourteen years. The virgin soil of western Canada and the long sunny days of the northern summer produce wonderful crops, and the farmers know how to take advantage of their blessings.

The experience of Mr. Mitchell is interesting because it shows what opportunities agriculture still holds for men of pluck and intelligence, even though they lack the vocational training given by a boyhood spent on the farm. Our own good homestead land is gone, but there is still plenty to be had in Canada. There are men who are better satisfied among the noise and grime and overcrowding of a great industrial city than they would be on the open prairie coöperating with nature to raise food for mankind. Men of that kind are indeed far more numerous than we wish they were. But for the man who loves the soil, who loves labor in the open air rather than toil in a rattling, overheated mill room, who loves the independence of the farm life and the satisfaction of doing something worth while by himself and as his own master, the achievements of our Saskatchewan friend, the champion wheat grower of North America, may carry a message worth his listening to.

## A NEW HOPE

HUMANITY has dreaded tuberculosis—and died of it—for ages. It is only within a few decades that it has learned the real cause of the disease and applied its hard-won knowledge to the conquest of the "white plague."



Tuberculosis in almost all its forms is curable, and today it often is cured by the intelligent use of food, rest and plenty of fresh air. But the greatest advances have been made, not in curing the disease, but in preventing it; in reducing the opportunities for infection and in spreading abroad a knowledge of the precautions that render infection from an existing case occasional rather than inevitable.

Most of the medicines that from time to time have been recommended for tuberculosis have proved of doubtful value. One by one the "cures" have been abandoned as delusive. But we hear today of a chemical compound, first used by a Danish professor named Mollgaard, that seems to be decidedly worth trying. Dr. Mollgaard calls his new medicine sanocrysin, and, although he has not explained all the processes by which it is manufactured, he says that it is a salt of gold—a thiosulphuric salt, to be technical. It is a white, crystalline substance, readily dissolved, and is administered as an injection together with a serum that is supplied with it. The cost of a full treatment in Copenhagen is approximately thirty dollars. The Mollgaard salt is now sold in Europe; and, though we have not yet heard of its having been used here, it is perhaps already procurable on this side of the water. The discoverer is positive that the treatment can be satisfactorily given only in a hospital.

Dr. Mollgaard does not say that his remedy is a cure-all. Many cases of consumption, particularly if they are advanced, do not respond to it; but in early stages it is helpful, and in glandular tuberculosis, especially in children, it seems to be almost a specific. Children bear the treatment better than adults, who often suffer a prostrating reaction after successive injections. Occasionally the reaction has hastened death instead of beginning a cure.

It is well not to believe all the reports that may be circulated about sanocrysin. It works no miracles and will not cure or even help all persons who have tuberculosis; but it apparently does have a place in the treatment of the disease, a place that may grow more important as physicians learn more about its properties and how to use it.



## CURRENT EVENTS

**SAMUEL GOMPERS**, although he never held political office and opposed labor's entering politics as a separate party, nevertheless exercised for the nearly forty years during which he was president of the American Federation of Labor a great deal of political influence. That influence, though he exerted it always to increase the strength of the organization of which he was the head and to add to the material prosperity of the class of wage-earners to which he was proud to belong, he also exerted to defend our political and social system against revolutionary assaults. His last words were: "God bless our American institutions; may they grow better day by day!" And Mr. Gompers was not of the blood of those who founded those institutions or even a native of America. Mr. William Green, secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers, succeeds Mr. Gompers as president.

**THE** trial of the case of the United States against Mr. Fall and Mr. Sinclair in connection with the lease of the Teapot Dome oil field to Mr. Sinclair is delayed by the absence in Africa of a Canadian lawyer and banker, Mr. Henry S. Osler, whose testimony the government counsel believe to be essential. Mr. Osler was the president of a corporation now defunct that is alleged to have been used to transfer a large sum of money from Mr. Sinclair to Mr. Fall, then Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Osler has tried to avoid testifying in the matter, but the Supreme Court of Ontario has ruled that he must do it. Two other men, Mr. H. M. Blackmer and Mr. J. E. O'Neill, who are believed to know the facts about the affair, have also gone abroad. The government is likely to bring suit in the courts of France to oblige them to testify.

**CHANCELLOR MARX** of the German republic, finding it impossible to gather a parliamentary majority to support his cabinet, has resigned. There is no one in sight who is likely to have anything more than a temporary success in the task. Herr Stresemann has tried, but of late he has

leaned so far toward the Nationalist, or monarchical, party that none of the republican members would give him the support he needed. The late election left the parties so evenly balanced that every practicable coalition would have to face an opposition as large as itself—or larger.

**CONGRESS** has passed a navy bill that appropriates \$111,360,000 to modernize six of the older battleships and to build eight large scout cruisers and six river gunboats. The scout cruisers are to be as fast and powerful as any vessels of their type and will cost about \$11,000,000 dollars apiece.

**UP** to December 12 1,785,000 former soldiers had applied for their share of the adjusted compensation that Congress voted last spring. That is only a little more than forty per cent of those who performed actual military service of one sort or another in the war. Sixty-four veterans have notified the bureau that they should make no claim under the law.

**A** CORRESPONDENT writes us that the natural gas well in Texas, which we spoke of as being supposed to contain helium gas came to an untimely end when someone tested the inflammability of the gas by putting a match to it. If there was helium there, there was something else too, for the gas exploded and the well caved in. So ended a promising natural wonder.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

### TIMELY ARTICLES

Early in the new year *The Companion* will print these valuable articles on topics of great current interest:

**Eclipses of the Sun, Moon and Stars**, by Harlow Shapley, professor of astronomy at Harvard University.

**Egyptian Life in the Time of Tutankhamon**, by Mrs. Grant Williams, an authority in Egyptology.

**Raising Wheat for the World Market**, by Theodore D. Hammatt, special agent of the Department of Commerce, who has made a special study of wheat.

**Chemical Fertilizers for Agriculture**, by Harry A. Curtis, professor of chemistry at Yale University.

These articles will be followed from time to time by others of equal authority, importance and timeliness. They are additional to all the contributions already mentioned in our annual announcement.

## RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW

If you will let us have your renewal before your present subscription expires, you not only will be doing us a great favor but will avoid the possible loss of some issues, for we can print only enough copies each week for our regular subscribers. Please do not let your name be dropped from the mailing list even temporarily. Renewal offers sent you a few weeks ago are still open, and *The Companion Home Calendar* is a gift to all renewing subscribers who ask for it.

**PERRY MASON COMPANY**  
BOSTON, MASS.

**OUR** government has agreed to send a representative to the international conference on the traffic in arms, which is to be held at Geneva in May. The larger and more important conference on general disarmament will not be held so soon as had been hoped. At the request of the British government the Council of the League of Nations at its recent meetings at Rome postponed final action on the protocol for the settlement of international disputes by arbitration, which must be accepted before the disarmament conference can meet. Mr. Chamberlain, the British foreign secretary, said that the new Conservative government was not hostile to the protocol, but that it wanted more time to study it and to learn what the scattered dominions of the British Empire think of it. Nevertheless it is clear that the Baldwin cabinet does not view the Geneva protocol with the enthusiastic approval that Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues gave it.

## A good old Friend

Remember the good old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma used to pin around your neck when you had a cold or a sore throat?

It did the work, but my how it burned and blistered!

**Musterole** breaks up colds in a hurry, but it does its work more gently—without the blister. Rubbed over the throat or chest, it penetrates the skin with a tingling warmth that brings relief at once.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it is a clean, white ointment good for all the little household ills.

Keep the little white jar of **Musterole** on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first sign of tonsillitis, croup, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

**To Mothers:** **Musterole** is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for **Children's Musterole**.

35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.  
**The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio**



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

## Dont Hum



Play It  
on a  
Hohner

Everybody likes good music. Nearly everybody would like to play a musical instrument. And very soon everybody will be playing one, for anybody can play a Hohner Harmonica.

Twelve million music lovers, young and old, have learned to call the Hohner Harmonica "That Musical Pal of Mine." They know that there's nothing like good music for happiness, and nothing like a Hohner for good music.

**Don't hum—play it on a Hohner.** Get one today—50¢ up—and ask for the **Free Instruction Book**. If your dealer is out of copies, write **M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 153, New York City**.

If you want a musical treat ask to hear **Victor Record 19421, by Borrah Minevitch**.



## FREE!

A brand new radio catalogue every month  
Gives all the new hook-ups and parts

Send name and address and receive  
"Radio Dispatch" free each month.

**HAYNES-GRIFFIN RADIO SERVICE, INC.**  
Dept. Y, 41 West 43rd Street, New York City



**Banish Pimples**  
By Using  
**Cuticura**

Soap to Cleanse  
Ointment to Heal  
Try our new Shaving Stick.



## Up Stairs and Down

A home-made 3-in-One Polish Mop keeps steps, floors and baseboards dustless and bright. It's easy to make and costs very little.

Just cut off an ordinary twine mop about 8 inches from the handle and apply

## 3-in-One

**The High Quality Household Oil**

Allow a little time for the oil to permeate the strands thoroughly before using.

Your economical 3-in-One Polish Mop will pick up dust and lint as if it cost much more. Shake out-of-doors and use over and over. Add a little 3-in-One as required.

3-in-One Dustless Dust Cloths are just as easy to make—and are just as efficient. Use cheese cloth or any cloth and only a little 3-in-One Oil.

Sold at all stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

**Free Sample and Dictionary of Uses**

Write for both on a postal

**THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.**  
130D William St., New York  
Factories: Rahway, N. J. and Montreal  
Quebec

## Write for the new Kunderd Catalog—QUICK

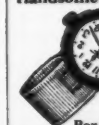
SEND for my new 1925 Gladioli catalog at once and get the benefits I offer for early orders. Choice, new varieties of Kunderd Gladioli now offered for the first time. Catalog describes hundreds of varieties. Many illustrated in color. My full cultural instructions are included. Send for the catalog right away.

**A. E. KUNDERD, Box 92, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.**  
The Originator of the Ruffled and the Lacinated Gladioli

**Kunderd Gladioli**  
Trade-Mark  
**THEY STAND SUPREME**

**EARN**  
Handsome

**Wrist Watch**



Guaranteed Time Keeper. Given for selling only 30 cards of Dress Snap-Fasteners at 10c per card. Easily Sold. **EARN BIG MONEY OR PREMIUMS.** Order your cards TO-DAY. Send no money. We trust you till goods are sold. **AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.**  
Box 69-Z Lancaster, Pa.

## Powerful Telescopes



See mountains on moon, stars, people, ships, and objects not visible to naked eye. This big telescope is the only all metal glass solid under. **ALL METAL BRASS FINISH** tars. Large lenses, brass finished draws, black enamel body. Do not confuse it with paper telescopes having half size lenses selling for similar price. Handsome case included. With every telescope bought from this ad you get a fine brass Pocket Compass Free. Order today. Guaranteed satisfaction or money back. **De Muzier Co., Dept. 181, Elmira, N.Y.**



# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



## THE COMING OF MARY LOUISE

By Gertrude Urquhart

Out of the north on a Christmas tree,  
That is the way she came to me;  
Came by the light of the candle glow  
Out of the land of frost and snow.  
Up on the bough of a balsam high,  
Perched like a bird about to fly,  
Ribbons fluttering over her head,  
She sat up straight in her balsam bed.  
Mary Louise, I can see her now,  
Sweet as a bud on a balsam bough!  
That Christmas morning my tree  
abloom  
Shimmered and glimmered in the  
room,  
But all I could see from tip to toe  
Was Mary Louise in the candle glow.  
All of a sudden she fluttered down,  
Mary Louise in her spangled gown!  
Out of her nest in the Christmas tree  
Mary Louise came straight to me.  
And would you believe it, there on  
the tree,  
Was a message that Santa had left  
for me:  
"This is for Janet and tell her, please,  
To take good care of Mary Louise."

## AGNES IS POLITE

By Carla F. Rosenthal

THEY made a little group as they stood on the station platform bidding Agnes good-by. There were father, mother and the twins; there was Agnes herself, and there was Miss Porter, Agnes's kindergarten teacher. She was going on a visit and would pass right through the town where grandma lived; so she had promised to take the little girl there.

A minute before the train rolled in mother was still telling Agnes what to do. "Be a good girl," she said. "Always be polite. If there should be something at the table that you don't like, eat it anyway. Be just as well behaved as you know how, and—" she was going to say more, but just then the train puffed in. There were more hugs and kisses, a chorus of good-by's, and Agnes started on her very first journey. She was going to visit Grandma Crandall, who lived a long, long distance away,—almost a hundred miles!—and she was going to be in the country a whole week.

Miss Porter had brought a book along to read, but she was so busy answering all Agnes's eager questions that she did not have time to read it.

Before Agnes realized that they could possibly have gone so far the train was slowing down, and then it stopped at the station of Centreville. That was where grandma lived.

Ever so many people had come to meet her—not grandma herself, but Uncle Bob and Aunt Alice and six little cousins and some of their friends. Agnes knew Uncle Bob and Aunt Alice, but most of the cousins were strangers to her. They looked at her shyly for a minute or so and then all burst out talking at once. Miss Porter couldn't go with them because she was going still farther on the train; so there was a great waving of hands to her; and then Agnes found herself in the automobile. She sat in Aunt Alice's lap because every other place to sit was taken by one of her cousins or by one of their little friends.

A few minutes later she was in grandma's arms. Just think, she and grandma had never seen each other! She had always been too little and grandma had always said that she herself was too old. Grandma thought that Agnes looked exactly like the pictures they had sent her, only sweeter, and Agnes thought that she had the very best grandmother that ever lived.

Then they all sat down to dinner. Such a dinner! Such a long table! Such a lot of people round it! It was grandma's birthday, and that was one reason why Agnes had

been asked to come just then. In celebration of the birthday all of grandma's sons, daughters, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law and grandchildren who possibly could get there had come, and there they were all round the table. Agnes had the place of honor next grandma.

She thought that she had never seen so much to eat—crisp, brown chicken, mashed potatoes, peas, corn, jellies and, oh! everything you could think of. Then grandma drew a covered vegetable dish near her and smiled at Agnes.

"This is my favorite," she said. "When it is my birthday I may order just what I like to eat, and I always choose this. It's creamed onions. Do you like them?"

Now it happened that Agnes liked almost everything there was to eat, but she did not like onions. She didn't like them creamed, fried, boiled, or cooked in any other way. But mother had told her always to be polite, and it was grandma's favorite dish. It might hurt grandmother's feelings if she declined. So without saying a word Agnes passed her plate for the onions.

## LAWN MOWERS

By Robert Palfrey Utter

The sheep eat grass upon the lawn;  
They eat all day from early dawn.  
If father owned but three or four,  
He'd have no need of any mower.



Grandma filled the plate heaping full, and Agnes tried to look as if she enjoyed it while she gulped each spoonful down as fast as she could. She heaved a sigh of relief when she had finished.

"Why, you do like it, don't you?" said grandma with a beaming smile, and she filled the little girl's plate again.

Agnes was astonished. Was that what happened to people who are polite? But grandma looked so pleased that she hated to disappoint her. Once again she began to eat, though not quite so fast, and that time, it was hard to look as if she enjoyed it, but she did her best. Grandma didn't put any more on her plate. And the chocolate cake and ice cream that came afterwards were good enough almost to make her forget the onions.

After dinner she forgot completely, because she had such a good time visiting the cows and chickens and horses. She had never been on a farm before, and everything was new to her. And all the uncles, aunts and cousins who had been at dinner gathered round her, eager to get acquainted. It was fun trying to remember which was which. They all told her that she must visit all of them in turn before she went home.

Sure enough, next morning Uncle Will came to take her to his farm for the day. Aunt Susie, Billy and Lillie were waiting for her. The morning passed rapidly, and before they realized it was time they heard the sound of the dinner-bell.

"I have something especially for you," said Aunt Susie to Agnes, "because I know you like it. Guess what it is." Aunt Susie was smiling a big and mysterious smile as she said that.

"Chocolate cake!" cried Agnes. "I like that."

Aunt Susie shook her head. "Not that," she began, laughing. "It's—well, maybe I had better wait and let you see it."

Agnes waited. Maybe you have guessed already. It was creamed onions. Agnes's heart sank when she saw it, but she realized how hard Aunt Susie had tried to please her, and she wanted to be polite. When Aunt Susie filled her plate again she ate the second plateful too. But oh! how she hoped she might never, never see a plate of creamed onions again!

The next day she ate dinner at Aunt Jennie's. And when Aunt Jennie said to her, "I've got a treat for you. You'll see—" Agnes's heart dropped way, way down to the soles of her little russet shoes. There was no need to tell her what that treat was going to be. She knew. And she was right—it was creamed onions.

And the next day—but what is the use of going through with it? Life for Agnes was just one plate of creamed onions after another. Of course there were a few other things in between, but the chief thing, the thing that Agnes remembered for years and years to come, was creamed onions.

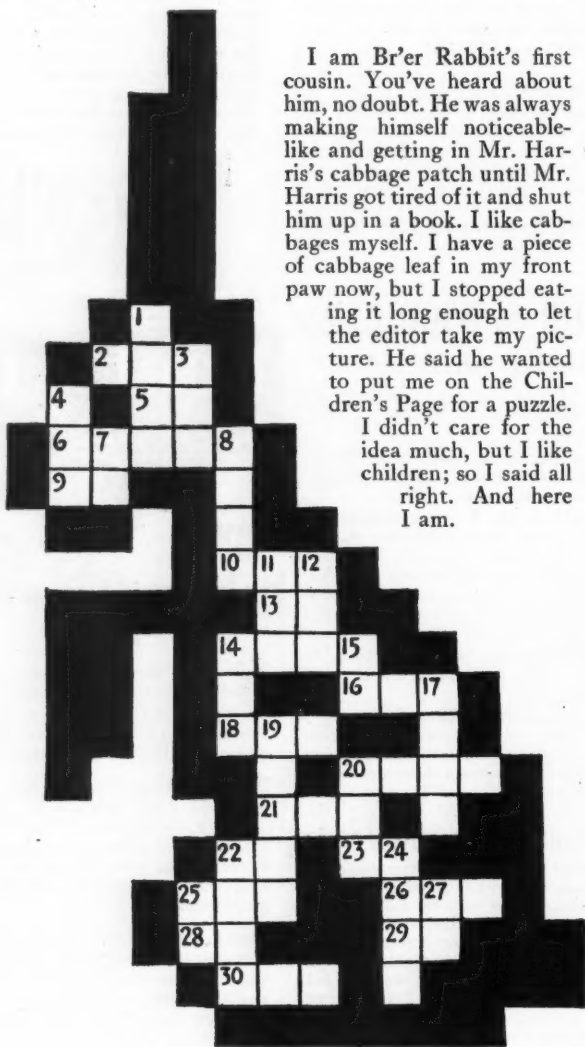
The week rolled round, and Miss Porter came again. She had finished her vacation and stopped to pick up Agnes. More hugs and kisses and a chorus of good-by's and once again Agnes was on the train, only this time she was going home. The train really went as fast as it had gone a week ago, but—wasn't it queer?—it seemed to drag and drag. When it finally rolled into their own home station there were mother and the twins waiting. And oh, wasn't Agnes glad to see them!

When they reached the house it was almost supper time and a few minutes later father came home, and then they were all sitting at the table, with the twins looking, wide-eyed, at their traveled sister.

"Now, little girl," said mother, "tell us all about it. We've been saving it, father, until you came home. What did you do all the time, Agnes?"

"I ate creamed onions," said Agnes.

## BR'ER RABBIT SAYS THAT



### ACROSS

2. What Little Boys Like To Spin.
5. How People In The Bible Say "You."
6. Where Birds Live.
9. What A Minister Writes After His Name.
10. A Friend.
13. First Name Of Little Girl Who Lost Her Sheep.
14. What The Sun Does At Night.
16. Little Crippled Boy In Dickens's Christmas Carol.
18. A Vegetable That Grows In Pods.
20. What Chinamen Like To Eat.
21. What People Drink In The Afternoon.
22. Whom This Puzzle Is For.
23. Going Toward.
25. A Cozy Little Room.
26. The Little Animal That Went To Market.
28. Upon.
29. The Fourteenth Letter In The Alphabet.
30. What A Cat Is Afraid Of.

### DOWN

1. Playthings.
3. What You Call Your Favorite Little Animal.
4. The Finish.
7. Boy's Nickname.
8. What You Wash Your Face And Hands With.
11. First Name Of Sixteenth President Of The United States.
12. How Much Candy You Would Like To Eat.
14. To Drink Little By Little.
15. What Stands For Street.
17. What Cats Like.
19. What You Have Done To Your Meals.
20. An Animal That Looks Like A Big Mouse.
22. What Mother Has To Do To Your Patches.
24. How You Keep Your Windows At Night.
25. First Note Of The Scale.
27. Where Mother Makes You Stay When It Rains.

ZLES · GOOD · SPELLING · RUNS · IN · THE · FAMILY · SAYS · BR'ER · RABBIT

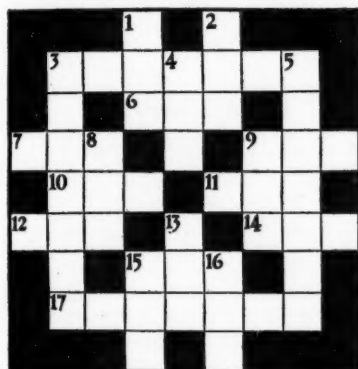
HIS · FIRST · COUSIN · IS · ABOUT · THE · SMARTEST · RABBIT · THERE IS

PUZ · CROSS-WORD · HE · MAKES · HE





## CROSS-WORD PUZZLE D



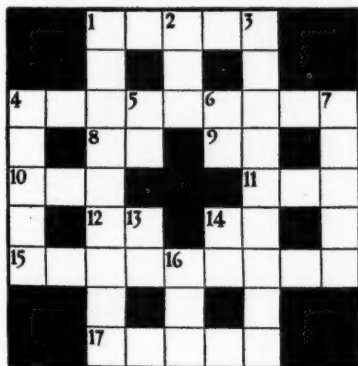
## HORIZONTAL

3. Incapacitate.
6. Prefix meaning under.
7. A tract of land.
9. And so forth.
10. Something to wear.
11. Bleat.
12. A textile fabric.
14. A soft metal.
15. Systematic application of knowledge.
17. Opens wide.

## VERTICAL

1. A suffix denoting the female corresponding to the male named by the noun to which the suffix is added.
2. Decline.
3. An administrative division of a country.
4. A sea bird.
5. Imposes as a necessary accompaniment or result.
8. Account.
9. Consume.
13. A period of time.
15. Mimic.
16. A high explosive.

## CROSS-WORD PUZZLE E



## HORIZONTAL

1. At the top of the house.
4. Peculiar.
8. Preposition.
9. Preposition.
10. To scatter.
11. A girl's name.
12. Printer's sign.
14. Preposition.
15. A pomatum.
17. The first name of a Samaritan sorcerer.

## VERTICAL

1. Mishaps.
2. A measure of weight.
3. A kind of flower.
4. Established. (Abbr.)
5. Suffix meaning to make or render; used to form verbs from nouns and adjectives.
6. Preposition.
7. A kind of boat.
13. Maryland.
14. First name of the governor of one of our states.
16. A unit of electrical measurement.

## 1. HOW MANY DAYS?

A snail climbs up a wall five feet each day but slips back four feet every night. How long will it take him to reach the top of a twenty-foot wall?

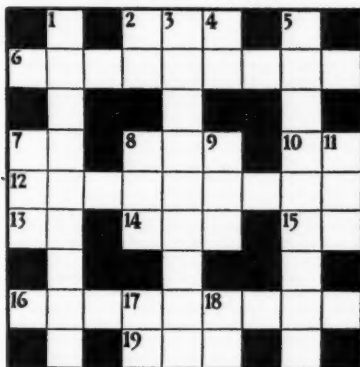
## 2. CAN YOU SEE THROUGH IT?

A queer but useful thing I know;  
You raise it, yet it doesn't grow.  
It cannot laugh, it cannot cry,  
It never has been heard to sigh,  
Although it always has a pane.  
Another thing I can't explain—  
It has a sash, but wears no dress!  
Now don your thinking cap and guess.

## 3. A FAIR DIVISION

Two Arabs, one with three and one with five dates, had agreed to dine together when a third asked permission to share with them, which was granted. On leaving he gave them eight pennies. The first said, "Three for me, for I contributed three dates, and five for you, who gave five." "Not so," said the other, "but one for you and seven for me." Which was right?

## CROSS-WORD PUZZLE F



## HORIZONTAL

2. A single point or spot on a card.
6. One who studies the structure of the earth.
7. Adjective suffix to words of Greek or Latin origin.
8. Likely, liable.
10. Exclamation.
12. A kind of fruit.
13. Adjective used in place of "a."
14. One indiscriminately of whatever kind or quantity.
15. Preposition.
16. The art of using words correctly.
19. Terminal.

## VERTICAL

1. Acting merely for reward.
2. Boy's nickname.
3. One who goes with you.
4. For example.
5. Plural of word meaning astonishing, used by Chaucer (Obs.)
7. Collection of facts or pieces of information.
8. A savage of a mixed Malay-Negro tribe of southeastern Luzon.
9. To endeavor.
11. The female of the domesticated fowl.
17. Pronoun.
18. A college degree.

## 4. MISSING LETTERS

Each line below can be made into a sentence by putting in the proper places in each sentence the one letter that has been omitted in each case:

1. EERYUILSRATEERETUAL LY
2. OMRIEDOEMPWORAMPSO AKEHAAUO
3. ERAFAORSIIDIOLETELE TS
4. ALLAABANDRAETOATHA AR
5. WICENATCEDTATCICK
6. ITYMUINSELLOASHL
7. WHSISDNRFABNTTHEPRI SGD

## 5. OCTAGON

X X  
X X X X  
X X X X X X  
X X X X X X  
X X X X  
X X

The first row stands for pages; the second, garden tools used by farmers; the third, a device for parching corn; the fourth, a garden plant; the fifth, what a farmer sows; the sixth, railroads.

## GET RID OF THAT CATARRH



CATARRH is insidious. It starts mildly as a cold, and soon gets to be a habit. For goodness sake don't get used to it. Don't try to put up with it.

## KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

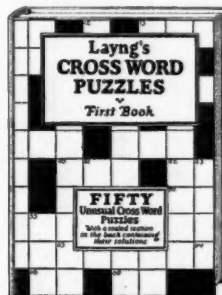
is guaranteed by 30 years service to millions of Americans. Kondon's works wonders for your cold, sneezing, cough, catarrh, headache, sore nose, etc. All druggists have it.

FREE  
20 Treatment tin on receipt of your name and address

KONDON, 2638 Nicollet, Minneapolis, Minn.

NEVER before has a craze taken the country so completely by storm as Cross Word Puzzles. The fad seems to have become an American institution.

Cross Word Puzzles are fascinating and instructive, and enthusiastic solvers range from boys and girls to great grandparents. We are therefore sure that our offer of Layng's Cross Word Puzzles will prove attractive to many Companion readers.



## Layng's Cross Word Puzzle Book

IT takes years of training to produce a puzzlemaker. Puzzles of a sort can be produced almost by anyone, but it takes a craftsman to produce puzzles free from the rough spots, poor definitions and obsolete words that infallibly mark the amateur. Mr. Charles Layng, the author of the fifty unusual cross word puzzles contained in this volume, has been making puzzles for more than a decade.

His puzzles will be noted, not only for their brilliancy and smoothness, but also for their unusually artistic designs — a welcome relief from the conventional solid block idea, which was the first development of the primitive acrostic. In addition, with this collection of puzzles is included a sealed section, containing the complete solution of each puzzle. Value \$1.00.

## HOW TO OBTAIN THIS BOOK FREE

Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription (not your own) for The Youth's Companion and we will present you with a copy of "Layng's Cross Word Puzzle Book," sending the book to you postpaid.

NOTE: The book is given only to present subscribers to pay them for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the last 12 months.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
881 Commonwealth Avenue

## GIVEN \$20 Fine Tone Musical Instruments

We have a wonderful new copyrighted system of teaching note music by mail. To first pupils in each locality we will give free a \$20 superb Violin, Tenor Banjo, Ukulele, Hawaiian-Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Banjo-Ukulele, Banjo-Mandolin, Cornet or Banjo-Guitar absolutely free. Also teach Piano and Organ. Very small charges for lessons only. Four lessons will teach you several pieces. Over 100,000 successful players. We guarantee success or no charge. Complete outfit free. Write today, Dept. 105. No obligation. Slingerland School of Music, 1815 Orchard St., Chicago, Ill.

## Learn to Mount Birds

Learn at home to mount birds, animals, game heads; tan furs, make rugs and rosettes. Complete lessons. Easily and quickly learned by men, boys and women. Write for Free Taxidermy Book. Tells all about it. Every sportsman, trapper and hunter should know this wonderful fascinating art. Save your trophies. Big profits. Success guaranteed. 75,000 graduates. Investigate. Write for Free Book. Northwestern School of Taxidermy 2501 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

## ASTHMA DOCTOR HAYES BUFFALO NEW YORK

If you want help and a cure to stay cured send a postal with name and address for Free Examination Blanks. Ask for Bulletin Y-232.

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies, How to Stage a Play and Reviews. Min-strel Opening Chorus, Darky Plays. Catalog FREE. T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 77 CHICAGO

## \$3 DOWN BRINGS YOU GENUINE UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Try it, test it yourself, then decide. EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS. So small you will not notice them. 3 YEAR GUARANTEE with every Shipman-Ward factory rebuilt Underwood, a late model, perfect machine that will give you years of service. FREE BOOK OF FACTS. Write today, inside story about typewriter business, typewriter rebuilding, how we do it, our wonderful offer. Act now. SHIPMAN WARD MFG. CO. 2511 Shipman Bldg. Westmore and Ravenswood Aves. CHICAGO, ILL.

EARN YOUR CHOICE Latest Style jeweled wrist watches, guaranteed time keepers. Given for selling our large packets vegetable seeds, 10c each according to our plan. Send for 40 pkts. today. Quality Solid. Earn big money or gifts. AMERICAN SEED CO. Box C-69 Lancaster, Pa. WE TRUST YOU

TELEGRAPHY BOTH MORSE AND WIRELESS taught thoroughly. Big salaries, tremendous demand. Oldest, largest school. Endorsed by Telegraph, Railway, Wireless and Government officials. Expenses low—contribution to earn large portion. Catalog free. DODGE'S INSTITUTE. Ware Street, Valparaiso, Ind.

## THE GUIDE



By Abbie Farwell Brown

*The wild geese need no compass and no chart  
To find the distant North.  
Bravely the flock wings forth  
Through infinite sky and over trackless sea  
To the cool haven where they all would be,  
Led by infallible magic in the heart.*

*The violet has no calendar to tell  
The ritual of the year.  
But when her Day is here  
I know she will fulfill the ancient trust,  
Donning the sacred veil of amethyst,  
By the gray boulder in the ferny dell.*

*They never fail, the patterns far and wide!  
The veery's measureless tune,  
The accurate tide and moon,  
The bee's geometry, the beaver's art.  
Who would maintain his little life apart  
And fear to lean upon the invisible Guide?*

## THE BISHOP'S STATUE

THERE is an oft-told tale of a prince who was also a bishop who decided to build a cathedral. He called for the help of all his people, and they gave freely of time and strength and substance for the great work. After many years it was finished, and the bishop was proud of himself. The cathedral was indeed a poem in stone. "Surely," he thought, "never has a more beautiful house than this been built to the glory of God!"

He remembered how he had dreamed and planned and toiled. He came to think of the work as his, and in an empty niche over the central portal he determined to have a statue of himself as prince and bishop that men in the after time might remember him.

One night he dreamed that an angel touched him and bade him follow. "Come," said the angel, "I will show thee some who have helped to build the great church, and whose service has pleased God."

The bishop was led out of the cathedral into a country lane, and there he saw two oxen yoked to a huge block of stone. They were resting, for the work was hard, and they were tired. Then a peasant girl from a wayside hut, carrying a bundle of hay in her arms, gave a wisp first to one and then to the other of the oxen. Comforted, they strained again at their load.

The dream taught the bishop a lesson. In the morning he sent for the master sculptor and bade him make for the niche over the portal an image of a little child with a wisp of hay and then to make two oxen and set them high in the tower. The vainglorious bishop had gained a new appreciation of the contribution of others and a new humility regarding his own.

It is a good story for us to keep in mind when we are tempted to be vainglorious over some achievement. To remember the oxen and the little girl and all the other helpers with whose service God was well pleased is a fine corrective.

## CICILY DECIDES

EYES clear, color fine, pulse steady—no, young lady, I'm too old a practitioner to be deceived! If there were many like you, the profession would be doomed!"

Cicily Andrews laughed, and her clear eyes brightened. "Don't be in such a hurry to diagnose the case, Uncle Doctor," she replied saucily. "You really think I'm all right?"

"Sound as a trivet," "Then,"—Cicily drew a long breath,— "O Uncle Bruce, please understand! I want you to take some of my blood for Mrs. Elton. No, wait a moment, please. I saw in the paper that the doctors were going to try blood transfusions. You've just told me how well I am. It's the first chance I've ever had in my life really to do something worth while. I was too young to go across during the war; oh, I rolled bandages of course and sang for the W. C. C. S., but those weren't sacrifices. Don't you see that I just can't stand it not to do something worth while for once? Please say you'll do it—please, Uncle Bruce!"

For moments that seemed like hours to the girl her uncle sat thinking. Finally he said brusquely, "Very well; I'll make a test." Taking the sample was soon over; she could come the next day to learn the result. Cicily went down the street, walking as if on air. She could hardly believe her ears when, coming confidently back the next afternoon, she learned that her blood could not be used. Her uncle tried to explain why, but the girl was too much disappointed to listen to reason. "It isn't worth while trying to do anything real!" she cried.

"I wonder," the doctor replied, "which Cicily Andrews really means, something worth while or something exciting?" "Why, uncle!" Cicily gasped.

"There are so many real things waiting to be done, but they are not always pleasant; in fact they are sometimes irritatingly unpleasant and tedious. I suppose that's the reason there are never half enough people to do them. It's like being 'kitchen police' in camp."

"What are some of them?" Cicily asked faintly.

"An overworked little mother too poor to have help, worn out because she hasn't had half the rest she's needed for years—if she could depend on somebody to take care of the babies an hour or so every day while she lies down, it might save the whole situation. Or there's the girl—not a very pleasant companion yet—who needs fresh air. A ride in somebody's car three times a week or a couple of weeks out where houses have piazzas. And there's the old lady dying of loneliness—"

Cicily spoke resolutely. "I'll take whichever one you say, Uncle Bruce."

## THEN THE CLERKS DREW A LONG BREATH

AMONG other reminiscences of the early days of the telegraph before confidence in its practical utility was firmly established a recent writer recounts a little incident that his grandfather, an Englishman in the employ of the Bank of England, told him.

One Saturday night the clerks of the bank could not make the balance come out right by a hundred pounds. A hundred pounds—five hundred dollars—was no serious matter to the bank, regarded merely as a sum of money; but any arithmetical error, whether of pounds or shillings or pence, was never regarded lightly in that painfully accurate establishment, and the dismay was general. There was scrutiny, and examination and reexamination, addition and readdition, all to no effect. Clerks were summoned from all departments, put to work and kept at work; and some of them worked all night. But nothing was found to explain the disappearance of the hundred pounds.

Next morning at church in the middle of the service the youngest clerk had an idea. He imparted it on Monday morning to the worried and exhausted chief cashier, who agreed that there might be something in it. Some boxes of specie had been sent on Saturday to Southampton for shipment to the West Indies; it was possible that there had been an error of excess in the packing. But if the ship had already sailed, there would be a long wait before any investigation was possible, during which, if the guess were wrong, the pursuit of other lines of inquiry would be delayed.

They resorted rather desperately to the telegraph. A message was sent to Southampton, asking whether the vessel had sailed.

"Just weighing anchor," came the reply. "Stop her!" flashed frantically back. "She must be stopped. Stop her!"

She was stopped—to the disgust and wonder of her captain, who was hardly pleased by the message that followed, for it meant much trouble for no reason that he could see.

"Have up on deck all boxes marked so and so. Weigh them carefully and record weight of each."

Grumblingly but faithfully it was done; and one box was found heavier by the known weight of just one packet of a hundred sovereigns. The weights were telegraphed to the bank, and the return message came back:

"Let her go."

The vessel slipped out of harbor, delayed less than an hour upon her voyage; the West India firm was debited with an extra hundred pounds; the error was corrected; and the clerks of the Bank of England drew a long breath of relief and blessed the electric telegraph.

## GUEST SLIPPERS AND A QUEER BED

THE fascination of old English inns is a familiar subject in literature. Many of the quaint old buildings have come down, and more of the quaint old inn customs have disappeared, but there are still retired corners of the kingdom where both are to be found. A correspondent of the Boston Herald writes entertainingly on the subject:

You asked if there are any English inns today where the public slippers that once waited for a guest are preserved as curiosities? It may be that in large cities where great hotels have superseded the old-fashioned inn, and the American shoe-black stand is in evidence, guest slippers are out of date, but on my last visit to England a few years back I stopped at inns without number where I had put up twenty-five or more years before and found that "Boots" still came into the commercial room—sacred to drummers—with his basket of slippers and his piece of chalk. He used the old formula: "Does any gentleman wish for a pair of slippers?"

Almost every one did want a pair, whereupon the room number and the hour to be called in the morning were duly chalked up on the soles of the boots. In one instance I found that "Boots" himself was the same man who had asked the same question a quarter of a century before. My journeying, I ought to say, took in the west of England and all of Wales.

Some thirty years ago I was the victim along with thirty or more other travelers of a

practical joke with this slipper, or rather boot-shining, business. I was at a large inn in Wales, where Mr. Funny Man got up in the night and went round from door to door and changed all cleaned boots, so that, for example, the occupant of room number forty-five found at his door an "eight congress" instead of a ten-lace shoe, and in many cases a traveler found no pair at all. The uproar in the morning was terrific. I had to go without breakfast to catch an early train. The landlord, a quick-tempered Welshman, was early on the scene. He offered a reward of a guinea for discovery of the offender, who, having had the sense to change his own boots also, was never found out. If he had been, two glorious black eyes would have been his portion. To look back, it seems funny, but the humor was not apparent at the time.

I wonder whether Mr. Firebaugh in his history of inns ever ran across a Saracen's Head Inn other than Pickwick's. There is one at Ware, Hertfordshire, where at any time during the past three hundred years he would have seen an extraordinary bed made of heavy oak, about twelve feet both in length and in breadth, and about eight feet high. The date it was made is carved at the top; I think it was early in the sixteenth century. It is said that twelve persons can lie in it. Shakespeare alludes to the "bed of Ware" in Twelfth Night (Act 3, scene 2).

Within the past few years the bed has been removed a few miles away to the famous Rye House, the scene of the historic Rye House plot, where somewhere about 1683 Lord Russell and other Whigs planned to blow up Charles II.

## AN OLD TURKEY TRAP

THERE are still living in the Ohio Valley, writes a correspondent, men and women who vividly remember the pioneer days—or at least the era immediately following the retreat of the Indians. They say that the woods, which now are densely grown up with brush, were then open and resembled vast shady parks in which deer and other large game could be seen for a great distance. One old man who has lived more than eighty years on the West Virginia side of the Ohio River tells of seeing his father shoot a deer while standing in the door of his log cabin.

Wild turkeys were plentiful in those days. An old resident asked me whether I had ever seen a turkey trap. Assuring him that I had not, he "allowed" that he was not surprised, since it had been more than fifty years since turkeys had left that part of the state. However, if I cared to see the remains of an old trap, they yet existed on the hill behind the house, and he would take me to them.

It was a stiff climb of some four hundred feet. He led me to a slight gap in the ridge, from which a pasture sloped gently eastward a few hundred yards until it was lost in the depths of a wooded hollow. At the top of a drain that led down through the middle of the pasture stood what looked like a diminutive log cabin with a small opening in one end in which a door had once hung. The roof had fallen in, and several of the logs had rotted off and become dislodged. The whole structure was only about six feet square.

"There's the trap," said the old man. "We set the logs just close enough together to keep the turkeys from getting through and yet to leave the inside plenty light. Then we scattered corn all along that dreen, puttin' some inside the trap. Then when the turkeys come up from the hollow they go along the dreen, heads down, picking up the corn and not looking where they're going until they get under this bottom log and into the trap. We left a big enough hole for them to get through without rubbing their backs."

"But wouldn't they get out the same way they came in?" I asked. "That's human reasoning," he said, laughing. "And turkeys ain't human. They don't think of getting out till they've eat up all the corn, and then they walk around, holdin' their heads so high they can't see the opening. And I'm not sure," he added, "but what there's some folks a good bit like turkeys."

## UNDER THE CLOCK WITH LUCY

THE English comic artist, Mr. Harry Furness, used to tell this amusing story of a puzzled and flustered member of Parliament, who was not yet familiar with his new surroundings. The story is about a man of substantially the artist's own name—Lord Furness.

When Mr. Furness was first returned to Parliament, being then neither a baron nor a millionaire, he asked to see me alone in one of the lobbies of the House of Commons. He held a note in his hand, strangely and nervously, so I knew at once it was not a banknote.

"I—ah—am very sorry—you are a stranger to me; I—a—stranger to the House. This note from a stranger was handed to me by a strange

official. I read it before I noticed the mistake. It is addressed to you."

"Oh, that is of no consequence, I assure you," I said.

"Oh, but it is—it must be of consequence. It is—of—such a private nature, and so brief. I feel extremely awkward in having to acknowledge I read it—a pure accident, I assure you!"

He handed me the note and was running away when I called him back. It read:

"Meet me under the clock at 8.—Lucy."

"I must introduce you to Lucy."

"No, no! Not for worlds."

But I did. "She" was Sir Henry Lucy, better known as Toby, M. P., the Parliamentary reporter for Punch.

## THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS BURIAL GROUND

THE interior of the Cave of Machpelah, in southern Palestine, wherein are the tombs of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Leah, was photographed for the first time not long ago. This burial ground of the old Bible patriarchs, says the London Graphic, is the most famous in the world. Its authenticity has never been questioned. The Jews kept it as a holy place throughout the ages. The Christians venerated it also; and when the Mohammedans conquered Palestine they in turn preserved the spot as sacred.

In the eleventh century the Crusaders built a castlelike church over the cave, and the Turks turned it into a mosque, which is still standing. The Moslems regard the cave as a holy place. Before the war the Christians who were permitted to enter it could be counted on the fingers of your hands. One of the last to enter was the late King Edward when he visited the Holy Land as Prince of Wales.

The six places of sepulchre are marked by monumental tombs in separate chapels. Entrance is gained to those of Abraham and Sarah through silver gates. Abraham's tomb consists of a coffinlike structure built up of plastered stone or marble and covered with three green carpets embroidered with gold. They are said to have been presented by Mohammed II, Selim I and the late Abdul-Mejid. The shrine of Sarah the photographer of the Graphic was not allowed to enter because it was a woman's.

## SO DID THE HORSE



Short-sighted Sportsman: "Oh, thank you so much; I thought they had gone in the opposite direction."—Illingworth in London Opinion.

## ROLLING UP THE DAMAGES

THE man who wrote the following letter, quoted in Punch, had an original way of calculating indebtedness, which must have proved profitable if he could get the party of the second part to take his view of the matter. He had had a small fire at his house, and the insurance company sent him a check for one pound ten shillings in settlement. Two days later they received this communication:

Sir: Please send another cheque for £3 in moneys as cheques are no use, the one that was to hand this morning being on mantelpiece and with draught of door opening was blew into fire and was burnt up before steps could be took to save it. This is £1 10s. for loss of property as agreed under threats and £1 10s. for loss of cheque.

Your obedient Servant,  
Lauchlan McSwither.

## A WARNING TO ALL MOTHERS!

RALPH's father, writes a contributor, is a doctor, and Ralph likes to get hold of an old medicine case and a hat of his father's and play that he is a doctor also. One day when the telephone rang he called out, "Somebody wants me!" and, catching up the hat and case, hurried out the door.

"Come back and shut the screen door," called his mother.

Ralph obeyed reluctantly. When he returned a bit later he looked solemn.

"Well, how did you find your patient, Dr. Ralph?" his mother inquired jocularly.

"Dead," the boy replied accusingly. "Died while I was coming back to shut that door."





**THE YOUTH'S COMPANION** is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Issued weekly by the Perry Mason Company. The Youth's Companion, Publication Office, Rumford Building, Ferry Street, CONCORD, N. H., Editorial and business offices, 881 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. Subscription price is \$2.50 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States and Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered as second-class matter, Nov. 1, 1923, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Renewal Payment should be sent directly to the address below and receipt will be acknowledged by change in the expiration date following the subscriber's address on the margin of the paper. Payment to a stranger is made at the risk of the subscriber.

Remittances should be made by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft. No other way by mail is safe.

Always give the name of the Post Office to which your paper is sent. In asking for change of address be sure to give the old as well as the new address. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Manuscripts offered for publication should, in every case, be addressed to The Editors. A personal address delays consideration of them.

LETTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED and orders made payable to

PERRY MASON COMPANY  
The Youth's Companion  
Boston, Mass.

### SYMPTOMS AND TREATMENT OF APOPLEXY

A **STROKE** of apoplexy is almost always sudden, though more or less severe headache and dizziness may precede it for an hour or two. The attack may come in the night, or some unusual muscular effort or an emotional shock, whether anger, joy, grief or fear, may cause it.

In a typical case, maybe after a slight muscular twitching, the sufferer suddenly pauses, perhaps complains of his head and then falls unconscious. When the unconsciousness is deep it is marked by slow, deep and often sonorous breathing, by a full slow pulse and by a blowing in and out of the flaccid lips and cheeks. The pupils are usually dilated and may be unequal in size. The patient may never wake. In milder cases after a few hours he gives signs of recovering consciousness; the profound stupor gives way gradually to somnolence, during which there may be movements of the head and of the unparalyzed limbs, opening and closing of the eyes and an occasional sound that suggests speech. In a day or two the patient may recover full consciousness, but he is still apathetic, sleepy, without appetite and complains of fullness or pain in the head.

The paralysis varies greatly according to the extent and the position of the hemorrhage. It may affect one limb only, usually the arm, or it may affect the muscles of arm, leg and part of the face, all on the same side, or the arm and leg of one side and part of the face on the other side. The paralysis of the arm and leg is on the opposite side to that on which the hemorrhage has occurred. Owing to a partial paralysis of the tongue the speech is almost always more or less affected, but when the hemorrhage has been in the frontal lobe of the brain on the left side there will probably be aphasia; that is, the inability to find the right word, although the mechanism of speech may be almost normal. If a person recovers from the immediate stroke he may gradually recover nearly perfect control of his muscles and of his mental processes, but there is always the probability of other attacks.

One who has had a stroke should be kept perfectly quiet in bed with his head raised—not too high—and his neck free from constriction. He should see only the nurse and one member of the family. He should be turned occasionally from side to side to prevent bed sores, to which the apoplectic patient is especially prone. The paralyzed limbs should be kept warm and the head cool, though the practice of putting ice bags to the head to arrest the hemorrhage is useless except perhaps immediately following the attack before a clot has formed. The subsequent treatment will be by means of massage, gentle movements and electricity.

### PHYLLIS DECLARES HER INDEPENDENCE

"I HAVE come to the place," Phyllis declared, "where I shall soon commit some violent act such as leaving Aunt Tilly's and boarding round among my pupils."

"Leave Aunt Tilly's!" Mildred cried. "Why, there isn't a cook in the county to compare with her!"

"Precisely; nobody knows that better than I. Her cream biscuits are things to dream of, and her chicken pies are beyond the reach of mere words such as mine. I grow faint at the thought of leaving them and facing the unexplored dangers of Pine River cuisines. But the point is this: Aunt Tilly has apparently absorbed all the signs and warnings of all the dream books ever published and added a large collection of her own. I can't walk across the floor or drop a pin or spill a grain of salt without invoking unknown terrors. It's foolish of me, I know, but really it's getting on my nerves. I feel as if I were bound hand and foot by cobwebs. I

can't get rid of them. They are forever in my eyes and mouth and clinging to my fingers." "Be warned by me and stay with your cobwebs," said Mildred. "Why don't you declare independence once for all, lock, stock and barrel?"

"I believe I'll try it," replied Phyllis thoughtfully.

She went back to Aunt Tilly's with a dancing gleam in her eyes. Fate was kind. Uncle Si was painting the gutter, and Aunt Tilly was watching him. A ladder stood against the house. Phyllis, smiling wickedly, went out of her way to pass under it.

"Phyllis Rice!" Aunt Tilly screamed. "Listen to me, Aunt Tilly," Phyllis said solemnly. "I've told you again and again that I don't believe in signs. Well, to prove to you that I am immune, and that I intend to be immune as long as I live, I am now going to invoke every dangerous portent that I can think of!"

Whereupon before Aunt Tilly's horrified eyes Phyllis again ran under the ladder. Then she went to the kitchen for salt and spilled it; then she deliberately broke a small hand mirror and finally got into the path of the black cat. After that she walked up to her room, leaving Aunt Tilly speechless.

"It is hard on her," she acknowledged, "but she will get over it. And, oh, I feel so gloriously free!"

### HE WAS HONEST BUT—

HERE is a little story that illustrates the awkward position in which honest men are sometimes placed through being the innocent possessors of spurious coins. It is told by Mr. William T. Ewens in his Thirty Years at Bow Street—the chief police court of London.

A few years ago a Bow Street officer had tea in a shop near Somerset House. He received a check from the waitress, but, being lost in thought, for he had important business on hand, he left the place without paying at the desk. He was standing near the door waiting for a bus when the cashier tapped him on the shoulder.

"You have not paid for your tea, sir." "Good gracious," said the man from Bow Street. "I quite forgot." And he went back and paid his little account, at the same time making many apologies.

On the following night he went to the same shop and had tea again. He was determined that there should be no mistake this time. On placing half a crown on the cashier's desk he said to the young lady—the same young lady who had interviewed him on the previous evening—"I am the man who tried to do you out of sixpence last night."

"Yes, you are," she said with a smile as she rang the half crown on the desk.

But the smile suddenly vanished, and the owner of the coin was transfixed with horror. The half crown was bad, palpably bad.

It was in vain that its owner protested his innocence. The young lady looked at him freezingly and turned a deaf ear to all his explanations and apologies. Probably she believes to this day that she was dealing with a swindler.

### A THRIFTY SPIDER

ON the porch of a mountain cottage in Pennsylvania a tiny spider was seen to repair her web in a very interesting manner. The web, except for the threads that spread radially from the centre, was torn and weatherbeaten; the spokes, so to speak, were intact and tightly stretched. Starting at the centre, the spider ran outward along a radial thread, sweeping it clear of the cross threads, breaking them and collecting the fragments until she had a tiny bundle. That she would roll up with her claws and toss out into the air to drop to the ground as waste material. Apparently the gummed points of intersection of threads she softened quickly by fluid from the mouth, for she stripped the spoke perfectly clean. (The observer found later that he could not strip a spoke of cross threads by sliding a split twig along it.)

Returning to the centre along the stripped spoke, the spider would free the adjoining spoke, pausing now and then to throw away her tiny ball of waste. Having reduced her web to spokes only, she proceeded to replace the part of the web that she had cleared away, spinning anew the threads that were to stretch from spoke to spoke.

Such a striking example of economy of time, material and labor was a delight to see.

### AN INGENIOUS "ALIBI"

THE people who are most indolent physically are often quick enough mentally. Such was the case with the British workman of whom the Tatler tells. He was usually late in coming to work, and one day the foreman took him to task.

"It's a funny thing, Jim," he said, "you allus coming in a quarter of an hour behind the time and living next door to the works; while Teddy is allus on time, and lives three miles away!"

"There's nowt funny about it," retorted Jim. "If he's a bit late in a morning, he can hurry a bit; but if I'm late, I'm here."

## He thought he could throw me—



Dear Tom: You know how Ted Brown has always been saying he could throw me with one hand tied behind him, if he wanted to, and you know how he's always bullying the kids smaller'n he is. Well yesterday, he and I had it out. Gee, I wish you'd been there. You know how much bigger Ted is than I. Well, right off the bat he grabbed hold me and nearly busted me in half. He thought he had me licked dead easy—

## but—

I wriggled around and got a hold on him that I'd learned from Farmer Burns School of Wrestling. The next second—KERFLOP, and I had Mister Ted Brown on the ground tied up so he couldn't move. It's a cinch to handle a fellow half as big again as you are, if you know the secret holds. If I were you, I'd write to Burns School for their free book about wrestling. So long, FRED.

## Learn Wrestling Secrets

From Worlds Champions **Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch**

Learn the marvelous holds, breaks, blocks, and tricks that will enable you to handle big, strong men with ease. All the great inside secrets of self-defense and jiu-jitsu in a series of wonderful lessons prepared by Farmer Burns, "father of scientific wrestling" and Frank Gotch, the world's champion. Jack Taylor and Clarence Ecklund, the great Canadian champions, studied under Farmer Burns. Thousands of Canadian men and boys are right now students of the Burns School. You are invited to join the school. Learn how to deal with bullies and ruffians so that they will positively fear you. A weak, undeveloped body means failure. A splendid athletic physique means success in everything. Write today—NOW!

## Send for Free Book

Our illustrated book tells how you may become a great athlete and get secret knowledge enabling you to throw boys and men far larger and stronger than yourself. It tells how you may have bounding health, buoyant feelings, and a striking attractive appearance. You need this book. Investigate. Write for the free book today. Be sure to state age.

Farmer Burns School, 2501 Ry. Exchange Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

### Farmer Burns School

2501 Railway Exchange Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Please send me at once without obligation your FREE illustrated booklet on Scientific Wrestling, Physical Culture, Self-Defense, and How to Win.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_

No. 44—The "Invincible" is silvered and dome pointed.



One of 50 styles.

## Spencerian Personal Steel Pens

Here is a pen that writes more smoothly than a lead pencil. The "Invincible"—Spencerian Personal Steel Pen No. 44—is broad shouldered, built to carry a big load of ink and do a man's work. It is used extensively by banks and bankers and business men. Like all hand-built Spencerians, "Invincible" has remarkable wearing qualities. Remember that one of the 50 Spencerian Pens was designed for your particular handwriting.

Mail 10c for 10 sample pens and free booklet, "What your handwriting reveals."

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY  
349 Broadway New York

Can you afford to **STAMMER** or STUTTER? It ruins the future of child or adult. Send postage for large free book "The Correction of Stammering and Stuttering." Methods successful for over a quarter-century. THE LEWIS INSTITUTE, 7 Lewis Bldg., 153 Stimson Ave., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

## The Y. C. Radio Log

FOR TEN CENTS

An 8 1/2 x 11 inch card bearing on one side the very latest list of the broadcasting stations of the United States with a power of 100 watts or more and of prominent Canadian stations and, on the other, spaces for a record of stations heard with your own receiver. Address The Department Editor, The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

## KEEPS Hens LAYING

ALL Winter



### Fine for Baby Chicks Too

A Glass Cloth covered scratch shed gives chicks or chickens balmy June weather conditions indoors during zero months. Hens lay more eggs. "Paid its cost ten times over," writes Iowa farmer, "by giving extra light and warmth, increasing egg yield. Better than glass and cheaper, too. Ideal for housing early hatched chicks in safe, warm, sun-lit scratch pens."

### Special Trial Offer

Big 15 yard roll, 35 inches wide, (will cover scratch shed 9 x 15 feet) mailed prepaid on receipt of \$5. 6 yards (\$4.00) for \$2.25. Use ten days, if not satisfied return and your money will be refunded. Common sense instructions, feeding for eggs, with every order.

GLASS CLOTH is extensively used for all poultry house equipment as well as storm doors and windows, enclosing porches for winter, temporary green-houses, hotbeds, etc. Prepaid prices—single yd. 60c; 2 yds. at 42c; 10 yds. at 35c; 10 yds. at 35c; 100 yds. at 35c. per yd.

TURNER BROS., Dept. 143, Bladen, Nebraska

Special Trial Offer

GLASS-CLOTH

# Simple care triumphs over beauty's enemies

*W*HAT a relief to women who now lavish attention upon their complexions if they could talk for five minutes with a real authority on the subject! For they would find that practically all their methods and preparations are unnecessary—in some cases, actually harmful.

Simple care. Simple cleansing. These are the essentials—all else is extra, needless.

In our 88 years of soap-making experience we have never discovered any means of making a soap that would cure a troubled skin, or directly give the skin a youthful transparency, or "feed" the skin with oils.

When oils are mixed with other ingredients to make soap, they cease to be oils and become soap. Soap's function is to cleanse, not to cure or transform or "nourish" the skin. And soap is invaluable for its purpose. We invite you to read the set of principles printed elsewhere on this page. These principles have been endorsed in writing, by over a thousand physicians. They contain the whole truth about soap.

Because it is pure, mild and gentle, Ivory Soap will do for your skin all that any soap can do, no matter what it costs or what promises it may make. Ivory contains no medicaments, no artificial coloring matter, no strong perfume—it is pure soap. It could not be finer if it cost you a dollar a cake.

Simple cleansing once or twice a day with Ivory and warm water, followed by a cool rinse and, if necessary, a little pure cold cream, is all your skin needs to protect it from dust and other damaging influences and to cleanse it thoroughly and safely. A beautiful skin is the result of two things: good health and perfect cleanliness. Take care of your health, and Ivory will take care of the rest.

*Procter & Gamble*



## The scientific basis for the use of SOAP

The following set of principles has been endorsed by over a thousand physicians of highest standing and is offered as an authoritative guide to women in their use of soap for the skin:

- 1 The function of soap for the skin is to cleanse, not to cure or transform.
- 2 Soap performs a very useful function for normal skins by keeping the skin clean.
- 3 If there is any disease of the skin which soap irritates, a physician should be seen.
- 4 To be suitable for general daily use, a soap should be pure, mild and neutral.
- 5 If the medicinal content of a soap is sufficient to have an effect upon the skin, the soap should be used only upon the advice of a physician.
- 6 In all cases of real trouble, a physician's advice should be obtained before treatment is attempted.

Here are a few of the many comments from PHYSICIANS upon the above principles:

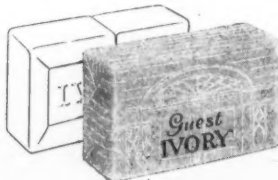
"This program is unassailable from any point of view."

"I am in agreement with your platform. It cannot be improved upon."

"There is nothing more to say. There can be no honest difference of opinion."

## IVORY SOAP

99<sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub>% Pure—It Floats



Guest Ivory, the dainty new cake of Ivory made especially for face and hands, costs but 5 cents.